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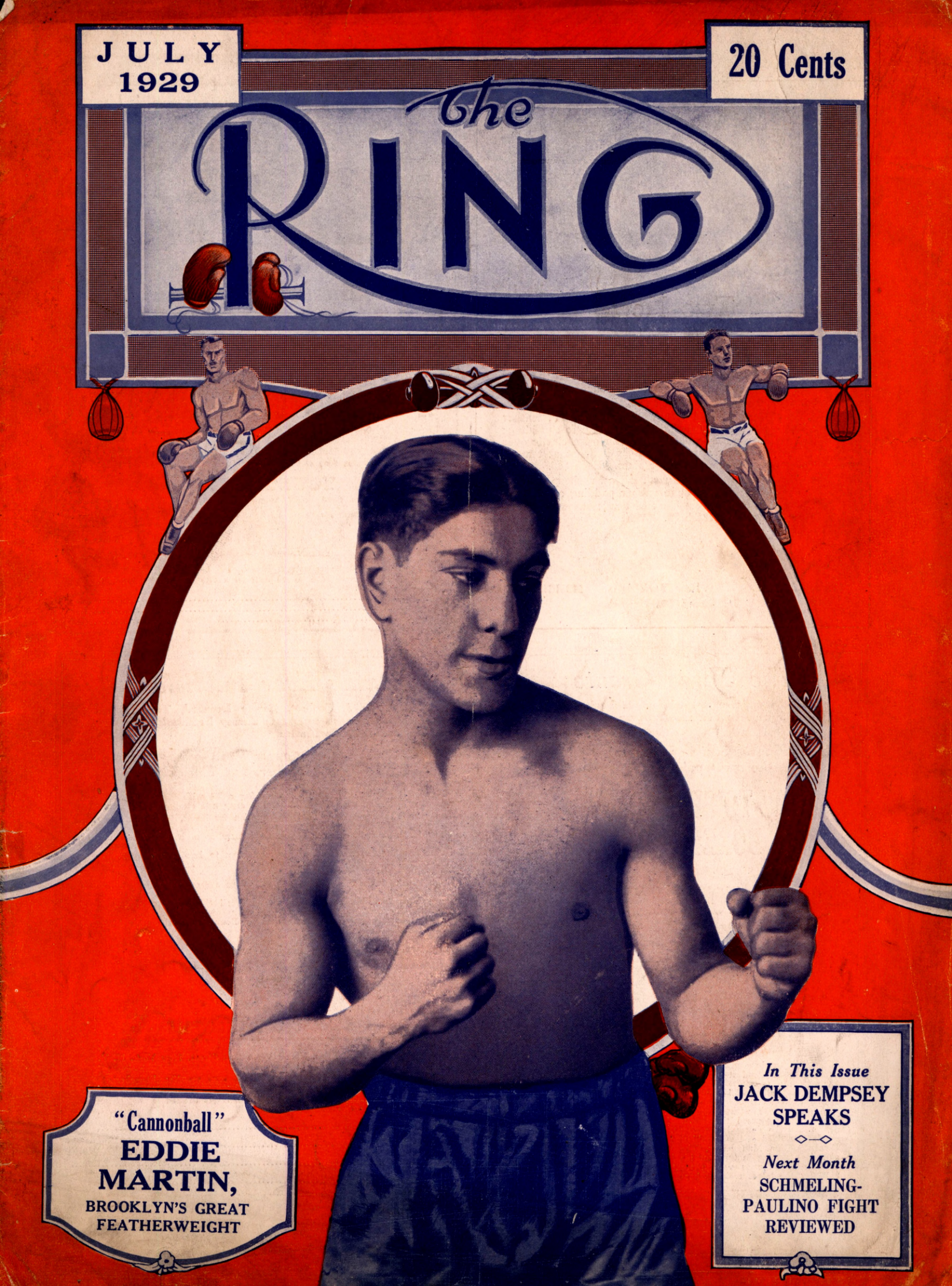

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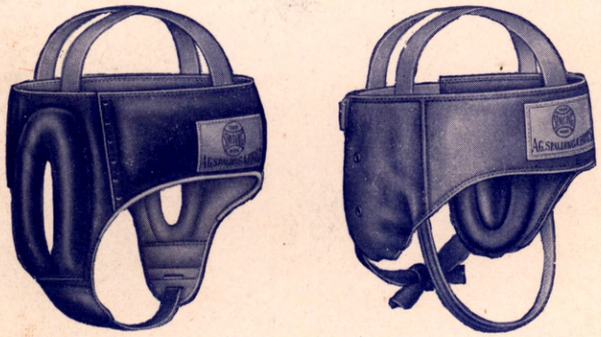

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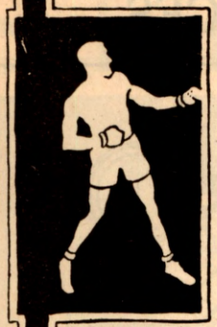

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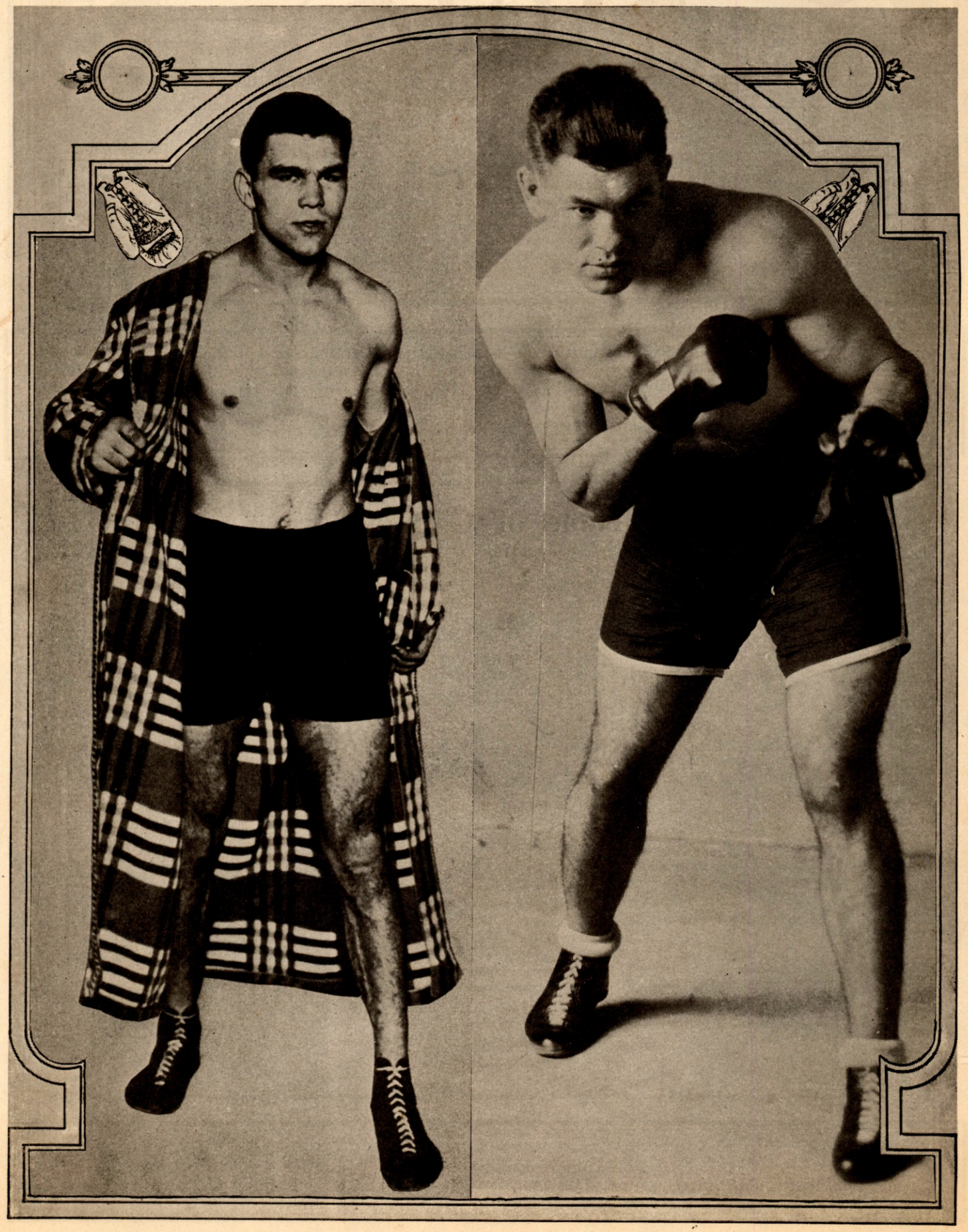
Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 20 cents.

THE FOREIGN HEAVYWEIGHT MENACES



Max Schmeling (left) of Germany, and Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque Woodchopper, Europe's leading lights in pugilism

Schmeling, Paulino Trace to Carpentier Influence

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

JUST imagine a German standing out as a first rank heavyweight, as Max Schmeling did as he entered into the match with Paulino Uzcudun! And imagine a Basque being in the fistic limelight as Paulino has been for some years! On top of that, picture the deplorable state of the heavyweight situation in England, and you have a mad hodge podge which most emphatically stresses the fact that times have changed.

For many years American followers of boxing have been hoping for a renaissance of heavyweight class in England. They have been hoping for a revival of that rare international flavor and interest which permeated the heavyweight situation in the Heenan-Sayers fight, in the battle between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell at Chantilly, France.

But England, with its Hagues and Becketts and Wellses, its Scotts and Goddards, has lagged behind. It is strange,—and yet, on analysis, not so strange. England was the daddy of them all in sports. It taught the world how to box. It showed the world how to play tennis, how to play polo and other games.

But England, with its comparatively small population and its conservatism, has fallen by the wayside. Other peoples, on the Continent, have taken to sport with avidity. It is new to them. They haven't the handicaps of conservative background.

They are going ahead, building up in every sport. England has begun to rouse itself and another decade may find it back in the lead. But right now Brittania hangs behind,—and Germany and France stand in the foreground.

* * *

THE revolt of the Continent against England's supremacy may be traced to the rise of Georges Carpentier, who happens to be visiting this country again as these lines are written.

The success of Carpentier made France awaken to the fact that it had certain sport destinies, and it developed Rene La Coste and Henri Cochet, as well as Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, to show the way in tennis.

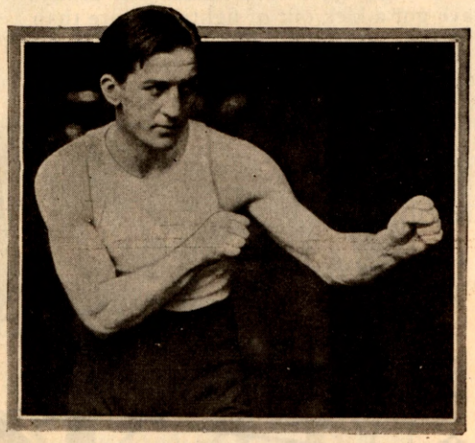
France's success in sport made other Continental nations envious,—certainly emulative.

There came after the world war a determination to send Germany to the sport pinnacle. Tremendous efforts are being put forth now to put a great track and field team into the next Olympics, to develop a really strong tennis force,—and to gain the world's heavyweight championship.

And all this goes back to Carpentier, the boxer who started as a circus performer, went into the bantamweight class, and gradually developed until he won the heavyweight championship of Europe and challenged Jack Dempsey for the world's crown.

Behind the development of Carpentier and the overthrowing of English supremacy in European boxing, we trace American influence. American fighters took to showing in Paris. They taught Carpentier the tricks of competition. It wasn't exactly a sweet tutelage for the Frenchman, for he took his beatings.

Carpentier learned more in his fights Klaus than he did in all the other contests



Geoges Carpentier, the man who paved the way for Europe's revival in boxing interest.

up to that time. The American style of fighting took Paris by storm, and just as American methods had won over the British style, reminiscent of Jem Mace, so did French methods score over the English.

TO one familiar with the poor reception which boxing got in Germany before the war, the current wave of interest and the rise of Schmeling are truly phenomenal. Bobby Dobbs, the veteran negro boxer, had a school in Berlin for some years and it was practically the only boxing class in the country.

But Dobbs failed to make a fortune. Germans refused to believe that the real art of self defense lay in fists. It adhered to the ancient idea that defence lay in the sword or the sabre, and that the acme of the system of physical culture was the turn verein method.

But the world war changed all that. Now Germany is as enthusiastic as any other nation over boxing as a defence medium, and as a means for entertainment.

The Germans found that the very qualities which made the good duellists in Heidelberg went into making the good boxer,—foot work, dogged determination, the ability to withstand reverses, gameness and the willingness to take punishment.

The so called lower classes jumped into the sport with wild enthusiasm. Here was a game at which they could play with the higher social caste! In the old days no coal heaver from Hamburg or clerk from Berlin could hope to engage in sword play with an army captain, on an equal basis. But boxing brushed social distinctions aside, and quite often, —most often,—the coal heaver was in a position to plaster the army captain to a fare thee well.

* * *

ANY sport which tore down social distinctions was bound to go over big in post war Germany. With its Sampson Koerners, Breittenstraetters and Dr. Haymanns, German boxing went along until it brought out its Schmeling, for whose introduction to America credit must be given to Nat Fleischer, publisher of The Ring.

He saw Schmeling in beer garden bouts in and around Berlin and decided that Max was a real fighter. He induced Manager Bulow to bring Schmeling to New York.

Germany has thousands of men well qualified for the game of fighting,—heavyweights who have the requisites for competition, men who have the power and the mental angle as well. From now on we must look to this nation, watch its fistic development with an eye to its likely duplication of the success which came with the rise of Carpentier in France.

As for Uzcudun, he is a direct result of the Carpentier development. And he is a son of the million dollar gate. With the development of Jack Dempsey into a record breaking attraction in this country, American fight managers began to cast eager eyes toward the other side. The grand rush to find big fellows who could and would fight took in every section of Europe. And it struck right into the heart of the Basque land, near the Pyrennes, where Paulino was a humble woodchopper.

The Basque was taken to Paris and there he learned how to box and how to fight. He still has a lot to learn for he was rushed too much at the start. But his tremendous power, his ability to assimilate punishment, his romantic background in the wild Pyrenne mountain country, all helped to make him the logical successor of Carpentier. There was a Battling Siki phase in between, but the French colonial negro never was a really great fighter.

Bertazzolo of Italy, now in this country; Roberto Roberti, and the Spallas; Humbeeck of Belgium; Von Porat, Persson, Johnny Widd,—all trace back to the decision of Carpentier to go in for fighting, and the glorification of the ring through the exploits of Dempsey.

Dempsey Would Return Only for a Million

By WILBUR WOOD

"IF a foreigner wins the heavyweight eliminations this summer, will you put on the gloves again to save the title for America?"

That question was put to Jack Dempsey, with the request that he answer yes or no.

The old Manassa Mauler, who kept the title from going to France by knocking out Georges Carpentier, and prevented it from traveling to South America by belting over Luis Angel Firpo, did not hesitate.

"No," was his answer.

"But suppose the American public asked you to come back to keep the title here, wouldn't you be willing to respond?" persisted the interviewer.

"The only thing that could influence me to return to the ring would be my own conviction that I was in good shape, and could win," was the Manassa Mauler's reply.

"Otherwise, I'll never draw on another glove. Jim Jeffries, I know, heeded the public's call to come back, but it was a mistake. I'll never step into the ring again unless I am convinced that I can do my stuff—and win."

"PERSONALLY, I think it would be a great thing for boxing, a great thing for us all, if a foreigner won the heavyweight championship," Dempsey went on. "Naturally, being an American, I have a sentimental interest in seeing championships held by Americans. But I really think it would be a fine thing for boxing if more foreign boxers won championships. That goes for the heavyweights, the same as the smaller fellows.

"Every sane man hopes for better international relations, more friendly feeling between the different nations. I consider that international sport is one of the greatest agencies for promoting international friendliness. The Olympic Games, I believe, have accomplished a great deal in that direction and the spread of boxing among the nations should work the same way, especially if other countries get their share of championships.

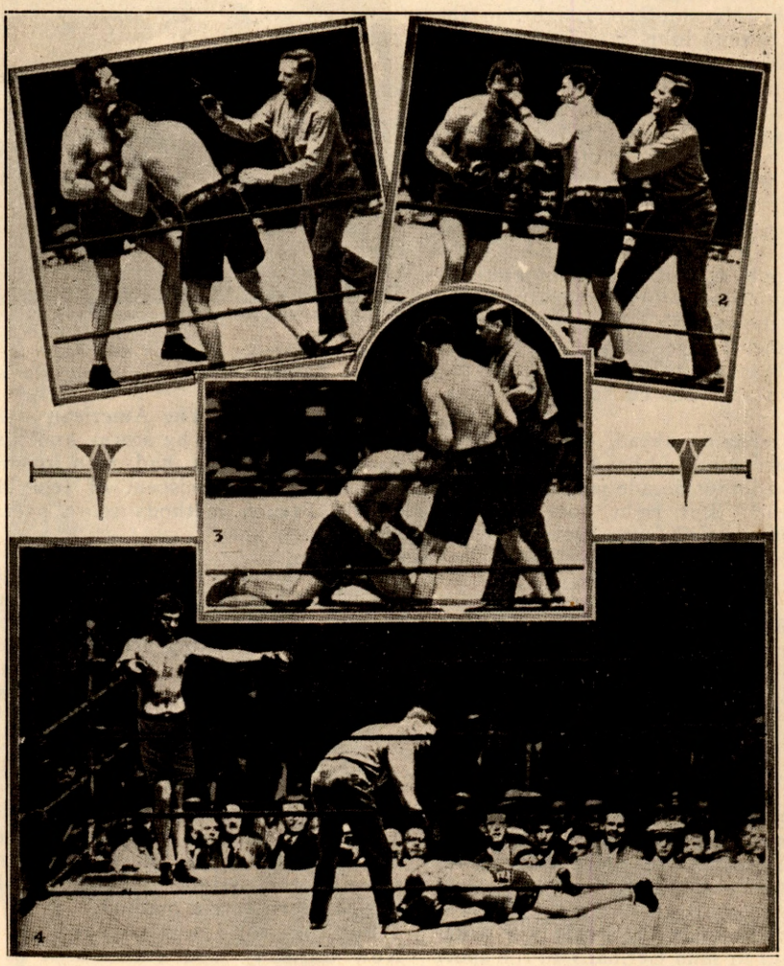
"The other countries are coming along nicely in boxing. They have produced some mighty good fighters in the last few years and I, for one, am glad of it. I believe it is an axiom of business that competition is the life of trade. That should hold good in boxing, too.

"It is up to us to keep hustling. Any young fellow who can fight has a right to go after the title. It makes no difference what his nationality may be. Once a fellow is in the ring, he is on his own. It's just a fight between him and the other fellow."

"OF course, I'd like to keep on fighting," Jack continued. "I always have got a kick out of fighting, more than out of anything else. But you must realize I've had my share of the fun. There are plenty of young fellows around to take up the battle.

"Folks tell me I would be foolish to turn down a million-dollar offer to fight again. I don't say that I would turn it down. But so far nobody has offered me a million.

"If somebody did offer a million and I believed I could win, and get into good shape, I would take it. I would want about $50,000 on the line to start me to training and if I found that I could not work myself into the right sort of shape, I would want the privilege of withdrawing from the fight. Under those conditions, I would be willing to make another stab.



When Jack Dempsey stopped Jack Sharkey in last "comeback." Scenes in much-disputed battle which paved the way for second bout with Gene Tunney.

"THERE are certain types of fighters I always could beat and I knew just what they were. I made my great fights

against the sort of fellows I could get a punch at. I liked to meet the sort of fighters who were willing to fight. Any fellow I could punch up at, was the kind I liked.

"I don't like fellows who run and I don't care for those short, round fellows. Firpo was an ideal opponent for me. He was willing to punch and take a gamble. I guess Luis and I gave the customers plenty to talk about.

"Even if I were offered a million to fight again, I wouldn't consider it if the man they asked me to go in with was a runner. I've had enough of them.

"I haven't all the money in the world and I could use a million as well as the next one. But I've got enough to live on. Some folks like to make out that I have frittered away my money. They're wrong. I have enough to keep me, but, as I said, I could use more. Who couldn't."

THOUGH Dempsey says that the prospect of the championship going abroad would not in itself be enough to coax him back to the ring, his qualifying remarks make it appear that the title will never get out of this country unless the man who takes it away can blast his way to a victory over the Manassa Mauler.

When Dempsey says it would take a million and the right sort of an opponent to make him put on the war paint once more, he does not by any means declare himself out.

If it was a question of the title going out of the country, do you think that promoters would not be glad to offer a million-dollar purse for Dempsey to fight the foreign menace? I'm sure you don't and neither do I. That kind of an attraction would net a $2,000,000 gate.

You can gamble all the tea in China that a promoter could afford to guarantee Dempsey a cool million to make an effort to save the title for America and have a nice nest egg left after all expenses were paid. An international heavyweight championship battle with the old Manassa Mauler representing the last line of American defense, would arouse such tremendous interest, that probably the greatest gate of all time would result. And I don't believe you would find many a fan who would not be willing to wager the rent money on Dempsey's Iron Mike to save the championship for the good old U. S. A.

AS for having the sort of opponent Dempsey would like to fight, there are only two foreign candidates for the title, Max Schmeling and Paulino Uzcudun, and from what I have heard and seen, here and there, I am sure that Dempsey believes he would have a royal chance of tipping over either one of them inside of four rounds.

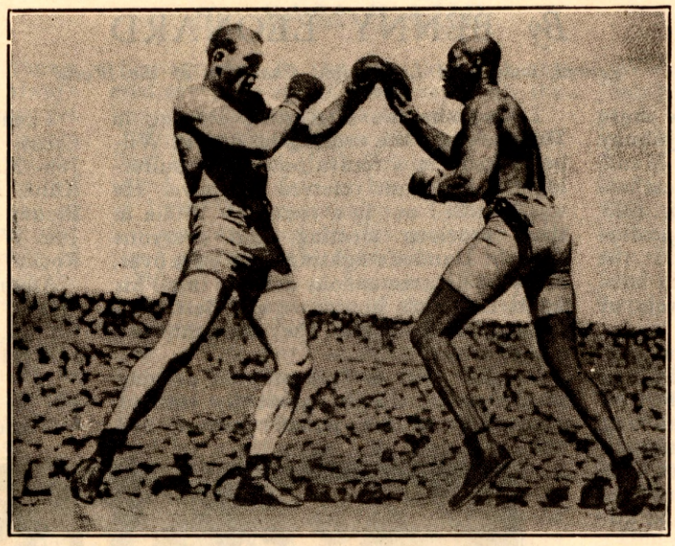
It is no secret that the Man Mauler does not rate Schmeling as high as most of the boxing critics. That business of calling the German a "second Dempsey" doesn't exactly make a hit with Jack. It take a punch on the whiskers any too well.

Schmeling is an open fighter, not the tin-canning sort that Dempsey never cared to mix with. For Max, it must be said that he is less guilty of holding than any other heavyweight we have seen with the exception of Dempsey.

Though Max has not yet shown any great aptitude for infighting, he does not grab when he gets to close quarters. but is his secret opinion that Max cannot keeps his hands in front of him, relying on blocking to protect the body and weaving to keep his chin out of the way. Dempsey would be right at home throwing those short hooks into Max at close quarters.

No, I don't think he would shy away from Schmeling for one moment, if the price were right.

And what an attraction that would be —a fight between the American Dempsey and the German Dempsey! You could write your own ticket.



"They can't make another Jeffries out of me," says Jack Dempsey as he pictures to himself the above scene in the Jeffries-Johnson battle.

IF Paulino were the ultimate survivor in the heavyweight tourney, the layout would be almost as good. Paulino is a plunging, smashing fighter, who knows only one style, to move in and batter down the other fellow by main strength.

Dempsey might fancy Paulino as an opponent even more than he would Schmeling, for the Basque is not as hard a hitter as the German and Jack would not have to worry a great deal about being nailed.

So, as far as the foreign menaces are concerned, there is no reason why Dempsey should not fight again if he can convince himself that he can get into shape to step four or five rounds at top speed. If he boxed again, he would be sure to crowd everything he had into the first few minutes. That always was his style and, knowing that his legs certainly cannot be as good as of yore, he would be more intent than ever on finishing the job in a hurry.

If Sharkey comes through in September, the layout would look even better to Dempsey. The Mauler flattened the Boston Lithuanian once and he would figure he could do it again, particularly as it is no secret that Sharkey never since has flashed the class exhibited in the first two rounds of their memorable battle.

As matters stand, the final big smash of the heavyweight division could not be staged until next summer. That is something of a drawback, for that would mean another year of ring rustiness for Dempsey to combat in trying to get back in shape. The show would be too big for a winter carnival in Florida.

DEMPSEY was pressed for an opinion of the merit of the present heavyweight leaders as compared with the challengers he mowed down when he was in his prime.

"I don't like to comment on the individual ability of fighters," said Jack, "but I will say that we are running out of fighters in every division. The best proof of that is the lack of big cards for this summer.

"When I was active, there were fifty or sixty heavyweights hanging around; not all stars, but most of them pretty good. You can name the good heavyweights on the fingers of one hand now. Who is there outside of Sharkey, Schmeling, Paulino and Godfrey?"

"How would you rate those four with the fellows you boxed, with Willard, Brennan, Miske, Carpentier, Firpo, Gibbons and Tunney?" he was asked. "How would you compare them?"

"The four I mentioned—Sharkey, Schmeling, Paulino and Godfrey—are pretty good fighters. That's as far as I care to go. Comparing fighters of one era with those of another, is a waste of time. How can you do it?

"Fighting is chiefly a matter of styles. That makes it foolish to compare fighters. I could always beat fighters of certain styles. I was fortunate for a long time in meeting fellows with styles that suited me. I knew I could beat them, because they were right down my alley.

"How do you like being a promoter?" was another question.

"Pretty well," came the answer. "Promoting isn't as much fun as fighting, but it's the next best thing. It keeps a fellow busy. I like to be busy, to be doing something all the time.

"Right now I'm very keen on being a promoter. I think I know what the public wants in the way of fights and I'm sure I can give the customers what they want if I have the stuff to work with. Maybe I'll get tired of it. I don't know.

"I like what the public likes and I want to give it to them. You can't blame me, can you? You can't hang a fellow for trying, can you? That's what I'll be doing always, trying to give 'em what they like. And if I can pick up a $100,000 or so a year doing that, so much the better."

Johnny Dundee, the Miracle Man of Fisticuffs

By BENNY LEONARD

Retired, undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

THE ring has known of few more remarkable boxers than Johnny Dundee, the little "Miracle Man." The Italian idol, who won the featherweight championship on July 26, 1923, thirteen years after he began his professional career, and six years later, at the age of thirty-six, is still engaging in boxing matches, is one of the marvels of modern fistiana.

With grim determination, this jumping-jack of the roped square, plodded along on the pugilistic highway for thirteen years, fired by an ambition that was long delayed in the realization—the ambition to win a title. And when he got that coveted crown, he went after another, the junior lightweight championship, and annexed that only five months later.

And today, long after both were lost to younger men, this same "Miracle Man," refusing to hang up his gloves, continues to fight, despite the fact that the boys who now are whipping Johnny, would have stood little chance against the Dundee who clashed with me eight times, and a host of the best featherweights and lightweights of his period. With 400 fights listed in his record, Dundee refuses to leave the field to the younger element, his ambition now being to quit after he has reached the 500 mark—something I doubt he ever will do.

* * *

BORN Joseph Carrora at Sharkai, Italy, on November 22, 1893, this great fistic character has kept in the pugilistic limelight for almost twenty years. Only Jack Britton, of the boys still active in the game, surpasses Johnny from a point of view of service and age. When an infant, Dundee came to this country and he was developed in America. The son of humble parents, Dundee launched his fighting career early, and despite his many bouts with the leaders of his profession, he suffered only one crushing defeat, a knockout at the hands of Willie Jackson in Philadelphia, in one round.

The curious thing about Dundee is that throughout his many years of ring service he has retained his youth. When he goes into Stillman's Gymnasium for his daily workout, he shows more pep than most of the other fighters combined. Every time he enters the ring, the sympathy of the fans is with him. They hate to think of this war-scarred veteran being knocked out. Those who knew Johnny Dundee in his prime and still see him in action are trusting that he quits before he is hurt. They like to picture Johnny as he was; not as he is today—a mark for boys who would have been easy for him years ago.

I remember an interesting evening in Dundee's life, the evening he fought Willie Jackson in a return bout after suffering the knockout referred to above. He was knocked out in a round by Willie in their previous meeting, and everyone thought Dundee's fighting days were over, and that his tremendous activity in all his fights had worn him down and destroyed his stamina. Dundee, they thought, was through.

Dundee went at Jackson that evening of the return match apparently without a thought of the punch Jackson had landed on his chin in Philadelphia. He forced the fighting at a terrific pace.

Jackson was wicked, aggressive, a tremendous hitter. But Dundee fairly buried him under a hailstorm of blows. Jackson, a youngster, couldn't stand toe to toe with the veteran he had knocked out.

* * *

ONE can get an idea of what Dundee has accomplished in the ring by glancing over a list of the famous little fighters who met him, in their best days. Most of them have long since been forgotten, but Dundee continues to go on, although now he shows the signs of deterioration.

There were Young Brown, Johnny Lore, Leo Johnson, Frankie Fleming, Babe Cullen, Eddie Sherman, Young Shugrue, Joe Azevedo, Joe Rivers, Matt Wells, Matt Brock, Stanley Yoakum, Ever Hammer, Chick Simler, Tommy Houck, Packy Hommey, Patsy Cline, Freddy Welsh, Frankie Callahan, and a hundred others of scarcely less fame.

Then there were notables like Leach Cross, Willie Ritchie, Matty Baldwin, Joe Mandot, Packey Hommey, Patsy Kline, Pal Moore, George Chaney, Phil Bloom, Johnny Tillman, Eddie Wallace, Joe Welling, Pal Moran, Patsy Cline, Rocky Kansas and Eddie Fitzsimmons.

Among the world champions Dundee fought were myself, eight times; Willie Ritchie, Johnny Kilbane, Freddy Welsh and Eugene Criqui.

* * *

IN his prime, Dundee was a marvel. He was elusive, a punishing type of fighter who bounced off the ropes and bewildered an opponent. He was a most spectacular and colorful scrapper. Years ago, the boxing world was electrified by the elusiveness and spectacular boxing of the Belfast Spider, Ike Weir, who was known as the Dancing Master on account of his nimbleness in the ring. Dundee, in his prime, had a lot of Weir's tricks, each one a natural gift to the bounding Italian.

George Dixon was a remarkable featherweight champion, who conceded as much weight to his opponents during his reign as champion as did Johnny Dundee when in his heydey.

England and Wales sent two wonderfully clever and hard hitting featherweights to this country a few years ago—Owen Moran and the late Jem Driscoll. Driscoll was conceded to be the cleverest featherweight that class ever developed. His, was the scientific development of the boxing art. His method was to make a

(*Continued on page* 16)

Dundee and Kilbain, in their twenty round fight at Vernon, Cal., for the featherweight championship. Referee Eyton called it a draw. Scotty Montieth, Dundee's manager, is holding Johnny's bathrobe and is standing next to the Italian.

Random Shots from Around the Fistic Circuit

By SAM TAUB

COMPARISON of the old timers and the present day boys is always in order. Whenever fight fans get together, you're sure to hear arguments pro and con regarding the relative merits of the champs of today and those of the past. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, one of the cleverest fighters of modern fisticuffs, well qualified to talk about the merits of boxers, is of the opinion that the toughest fighter of modern puglism was Stanley Ketchel.

"There was not a fighter since the days of Sullivan who could hit as hard as Ketchel" says O'Brien. "He was a whirlwind in action. He was the hardest hitter I ever faced, and I fought the best. . .

"As you will recall, I beat him for nine rounds in the old Pioneer Sporting Club in New York City, but the gong sounding the end of the tenth round found Tim Hurst, the referee, counting four over me as I lay with my head in the resin box. I would have beat the Michigan Assassin when in my prime for it must be remembered that Stanley was full of the fire of youth, only twenty-one years old, while I had passed my thirty-first birthday and had left thirteen years of hard fighting behind me. Yet. I must give Ketchel credit for being the toughest of the tough when it came to hurting an opponent. . .

"IN my opinion, Kid McCoy was the cruelest fighter of all. I met the Kid in Philadelphia in a six-round bout, and despite the fact that he had the old English champion, Charley Mitchell, behind him, and Charley kept hurling abuses at me throughout the fight, I outfought, outgamed and outboxed the Kid. Yet his famous corkscrew punch broke my right upper jaw in the third and I was forced to eat through a tube for three weeks. . .

"McCoy's sneer, his villainous laugh and his tricky actions, were like that of a hungry wolf about to pull down its prey. . . He was as cruel in his remarks when once he entered the ring as he was when he kept landing his rapier-like stabs and corkscrew punches. . .

"For greatness in all-around ability, give me Benny Leonard. He was greatness personified. He had everything. Cleverness, hitting power, speedy manipulation and quick thinking were his great assets. . .

"Critics may talk about Kid Chocolate, but there was only one Chocolate boy—George Dixon, the greatest bantam of all time. A marvel in the ring—that was Dixon."

* * *

EVERYONE knows Izzy Kaplan, the demon photographer of the New York American. Izzy is the best sports photographer in the East and has covered every big sports event, especially the important fights, in the last six years.

A few years ago, just before he fought Paul Berlanbach, Jack Delaney decided to spend a little time at his summer camp at Lake Winnepesaukie, and Izzy Kaplan was assigned by his paper to take some photos of the champion. . .

When he arrived at camp, he found, besides Delaney, four of Jack's training partners and Pete Reilly, his manager. Pete, a "playboy" at heart, immediately decided to play a joke on Izzy. . . Getting a bathing suit for himself and Kaplan, he invited Izzy to go out on the road for a little run with Delaney, after which he promised Izzy all would take a swim and then come back by auto.

Izzy accepted. . . Out on the road went the bunch. . . They ran about two miles and Izzy was ready to drop. . . When the run was over, all went in the lake for a swim. When they came out, the fun began. Reilly, Delaney and the trainers leaped into the car before Izzy knew what had happened and when Kaplan discovered his predicament, he let out a cry for the car to stop.

Pete, full of mischief, drew the car alongside the road and waited until Izzy go within ten feet of it, then suddenly stepped on the gas. . . Out shot the car with Kaplan in hot pursuit. This procedure was followed half a dozen times before Izzy, exhausted, discovered a log alongside a fence and sat there bemoaning his fate. Suddenly Reilly again appeared on the scene and innocently asking Izzy where he had disappeared to, gave him a lift. . .

Still on another occasion, Kaplan was sent to one of the training camps to get some photographs for the Hearst papers and arriving at the camp in the forenoon, Izzy decided to go in for a swim before starting his work. . . He placed his shoes alongside his bed and when he returned he found them nailed to the floor. . . Just another of the many pranks of the playful Pete Reilly. . .

* * *

FEW of the fistic fans know that Jimmy Carroll, who trains Billy Alger and Ray Still, is the son of "English" Jimmy Carroll, who battled Jack McAuliffe for the lightweight crown at the old Califorina A. C., in San Francisco, back in 1890. . . McAuliffe won via the knockout route in the forty-seventh round. . . The elder Carroll is the man who took Bob Fitzsimmons off the boat when he arrived in 'Frisco from New Zealand and brought "Ruby Robert" south for his quarrels with Peter Maher and Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpariel." . .

Which brings to mind that Alger and Jimmy Duffy, west side lightweight, engaged in a verbal tilt at the Pioneer Sporting Club Gymnasium as to which of the two fought the better men. . . Duffy mentioned Benny Leonard, Joe Welling and various lightweight favorites of his day. . . Alger countered with Ace Hudkins, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Jack Thompson and other present day favorites. . .

* * *

LEADING up to the time when Duffy tried to change his style from a mauler to a boxer and was almost knocked out by Rocky Kansas in their ten round bout staged by Charley Murray in Buffalo on St. Patrick's day back in 1920. . .

Duffy was working nicely until Kansas clipped him and knocked him cold near the end of the first round. . . Eddie Harvey, who was managing Jimmy, dragged his man to his corner as the bell sounded at the count of eight. . . Joimes never tried to box again. . . He lost on points to Kansas, but never hit the boards thereafter. . . That was the only time the west sider ever was dropped.

* * *

WHEN Fred McKay met "Big" Dan Daly in a heavyweight brawl at Williamsport, Pa., Jimmy Dime, who managed Daly, put on the show . . . Jess Gilbert, Billy McCarney's old fighter, was the referee. . . Charley Doessereck managed McKay. . . The bout drew a big crowd and the action in the opening canto was fine. . . When McKay returned to his corner, Doessereck told him he was going good and had a fine chance to win. . .

To which the Canadian answered: "This is the last round," meaning he was going out in the second. . . Sure enough, Daly bounced a blow off Fred's shoulder and McKay went down with a thud. . . Manager Doessereck kneeled, only his eyes being visible above the ring, and watched Referee Gilbert. . . The latter started to count. . .

"One," shouted the arbiter, as he circled around McKay. . . He followed the same procedure as he said, two, three, four and five. . . By this time McKay began to groan. . . The referee, thinking perhaps McKay was really hurt, became frightened and rapidly tolled off the remaining numerals.

Dime and Doessereck helped carry the Canuck lad back to his corner. . . When McKay got to his room, Doessereck upbraided McKay, who replied: "I didn't want to beat Daly in his own town."

The Fistic Old Timer Recollects When,—

By Charles F. Mathison

ANNOUNCEMENT by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund Committee that $50 will be charged for the seats in the first few rows for the Schmeling-Paulino fight at the Yankee Stadium on September 27, is an assurance that the cream of the social register of the East will be present. Disposition on the part of high society to patronize boxing causes much surprise and considerable elation. Ideas prevalent in certain ill-informed circles that all persons interested in the game of hit, stop and get-away wear greasy caps on head and red handkerchiefs about the neck, receives a sickening jolt.

Parade of social lions and titled celebrities at Garden on occasion of Hudkins-De Vos bout an eye opener to those accustomed to snort contemptuously every time boxing or boxers are mentioned. Spectacle of socially prominent and financially solid gentlemen taking a personal interest in a fighter and treating him as a human being instead of a depraved outcast, precipitates many wielders of public opinion into a condition of gaping amazement.

REACTION of the ancient promoters and handlers of fighters, whose conduct failed to impress the general public, is that an aristocracy of the ring is very undesirable. In other quarters, much speculation as to the reason for this remarkable uplift of boxing from the dregs to the crest. Answer to this is not difficult to find.

William A. Gavin, organizer of the International Sporting Club is the reply. The club did not survive, but the elevating process still is in evidence. It was Gavin who marshalled the social, financial, and military forces of the country into the membership of a club that never got beyond the hole-in-the-earth where Gavin tried to erect the splendid building shown in the architect's plans. Gavin, who had been a member of the National Sporting Club of London, was a man of engaging personality, purity of diction and breadth of vision. He enrolled thousands of members, designated as founder members, at $500 per founder.

THEN came the election of officers. President, Major Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle; Vice Presidents—Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior; Gen. Coleman Dupont; Admissions and Ballot Committee—Gen Dupont, chairman; Warren Barbour, Major Biddle, Charles H. Sabin, R. Breckinridge Steele et al.

The names of these men were not used without their consent. Shortly after the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo, a private showing of the pictures took place in a hall uptown. This writer arrived early and waited a considerable length of time. Finally Gavin arrived in company with Gen. Dupont, Charles M. Schwab and others equally famous in big business. Had Gavin finished his club with the same eclat that he started with it would have been a wonderful institution.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS never made the same mistake twice. Ruby Robert erred when he hit Sailor Tom Sharkey in the solar plexus in a bout in San Francisco on December 2, 1896. Fitz shifted in the eighth round and sent a hard one just below the tattooed full-rigged ship on the sailor's manly bosom. The blow capsized the Sailor and upset the plans of a betting clique . . . but only temporarily.

Wyatt Earp, a two-gun man, was in the ring as referee, and he declared that Sharkey had been brutally fouled. Earp then disqualified the Cornishman and pinned the rose of victory on the gallant tar.

The second meeting between these gladiators took place in the Coney Island Club, August 24, 1900. General belief that Fitz would again attempt to scuttle the ship on Sharkey's breast. Nothing of the kind happened. After a rather tame opening round, Fitz started the second by feinting at the sailor's midship section. Sharkey much alarmed by these tactics. Feared that Fitz was about to repeat the crashing blow delivered in San Francisco.

Sailor had little faith that referee would again disqualify Fitz. Sharkey naturally began to lower his guard to protect his mid-section from attack. Which was exactly what Fitz was waiting for. As soon as Sharkey became thoroughly engrossed in defending his solar plexus, Fitz sailed a heavy right to the jaw, and the sailor went to sleep without the help of waves dashing against the windward side of the ship.

ENGLAND has had some trying experiences with American pugilists who went to the tight little island in quest of fame and pounds. As a rule, the Americans got the fame and the pounds and the Britons received the poundings.

Notable examples: John C. Heenan went to Merrie England in 1860 and battered Tom Sayers, British champion, so terribly, he never fought again. In this case Heenan got little except fame, for the referee called the contest a draw. Then, next in line, was Joe Coburn, American champion, who went over in 1864 to fight the redoubtable Jem Mace, British title holder. Coburn was in the ring at the appointed time, but Mace was strangely absent.

The ring had been pitched in Pierstown, Parish of Kilmare, Tipperary County, Ireland, for Coburn had doubts as to fair play in England. Mace was equally apprehensive as to what might happen to him while fighting in Ireland. Therefore he departed for England the night previous to that set for the combat. Coburn received $500 for expenses and returned to America with the reputation of having scared the great Mace.

THE action of George Dixon in flattening Nunc Wallace, the bantam pride of Great Britain, in 18 rounds in 1890, was also a bitter dose for England. Also Tommy Burns' 10 round knockout of Gunner Moir in 1907. Yet the most mortifying upset for the boxing enthusiasts of England was the knockout of Dick Burge, lightweight champion, by Kid Lavigne, American title holder, in 17 rounds in 1896.

Burge was a heavy lightweight, scaling 138 to 140 pounds, and stood 5 feet 7 1-2 inches. Lavigne was a stumpy little chap, weighing 130 pounds, and his flaxen hair was but 5 feet 3 1-2 inches above the ground. Therefore when Sam Fitzpatrick ushered the Kid into the National Sporting Club, the officials in some surprise asked:

"Where's Lavigne?" "This is Lavigne," said Sam, indicating the Saginaw thumper. It was all that the officials could do to restrain their laughter, and when Burge came in to get a peep at his opponent, he put his hand over his mouth to hide his mirth. The club officials became alarmed and said to Sam: "Take him out in to the country and keep him there until the day of the fight. Don't let anyone see him or the contest may be prevented."

So Sam and the Kid went away to a secluded spot where the youngster trained for the event. On the night of the battle, as the little chap sat in his corner, English sportsmen offered as much as 5 to 1 that Burge would win. The sprinkling of Americans present were bet to a standstill.

One amusing yarn was to the effect that Fitzpatrick, born in Australia, and intimately acquainted with English ways and money values, made a bet under the impression that dollars instead of pounds were wagered. Nothing of the kind, as Sam had to borrow money to get across the ocean and did not bet a cent. When Lavigne started fighting the English gasped with amazement, and when the boy battered Burge down and out in the seventeenth round, there was no laughing on the part of the onlookers.

Romance of the Prize Ring Is Gone Forever

By NAT FLEISCHER

GONE are the days of pugilism. They never will return. Gone is the Romance which we like to believe once was the very soul of the ring. Some of that romance perhaps was sordid enough in its day, but all now is aglitter and agleam with the auriferous coat which that master workman, Time, has burnished upon it in his inimitable way. Old timers tell us that "those were the happy days." The Past insists that we believe that the greatest heroes were those which it nurtured—and with Romance persuading us we yield—but mainly as a tribute to Romance. 'Tis thus in the ring, 'tis thus on the turf.

Romance beckons from the Past; Commercialism seems to rule in the Present. It's an unequal contest. Reformers will attempt to refute our statement that the era of pugilism has passed. They howl from the house-tops that the thing which is legalized by New York and New Jersey and other States, with commissions to govern it, is not Boxing but Pugilism—Prize Fighting. And the Past shrieks back at them: "You are wrong!"

That which we call boxing is no more like prize fighting than travel in a costly limousine is like that leisurely progress which men made across the Mohawk Valley on the Erie Canal with mules as the motive power, or the trip from New York to Philadelphia in the stage coaches of 1800.

* * *

ON the turf, in contemplation of the rise of six furlong stars and the disappearance of two mile cup horses and thoroughbreds which ran heats, we declare that we have lost in bottom what we have gained in heels. That holds true of the ring perhaps, too. We have lost in bottom—and in romance.

Nowadays we realize our handicaps in the contest with the Past, so we attempt to build Romance through artificial stimulation. We call a bout for the boxing championship of the world—"the Battle of the Century." We build the Romance around it step by step through that great medium which we call Advertising. We impress with figures—a Million Dollar Battle—$600,000 for the champion, $200,000 for his challenger, $300,000 for a giant arena—great big figures which stagger us.

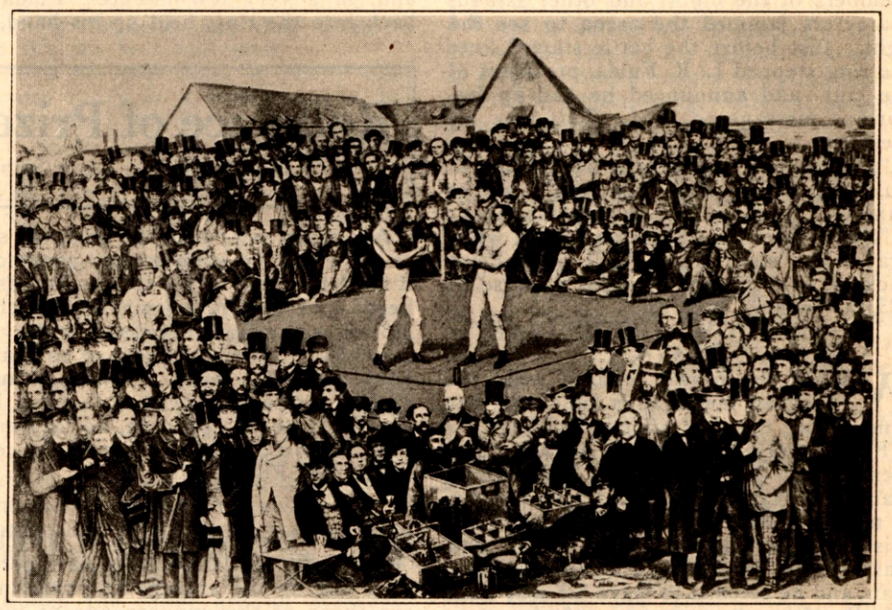
It's all settled in advance—there are no contingencies except in so far as the championship is concerned—and mighty few there. The champion is to get so and so much, win, lose or draw. The challenger is to get so and so much, win, draw, or knocked out in the wink of an eye. Men pay $25 and $50 for the privilege of seeing this test under highly developed and organized rules. Commercialism is the dominant note—here, as everywhere else, perhaps. And perhaps for the good. That is Boxing. It's not Prize Fighting. Spectacular, yet almost innocuous.

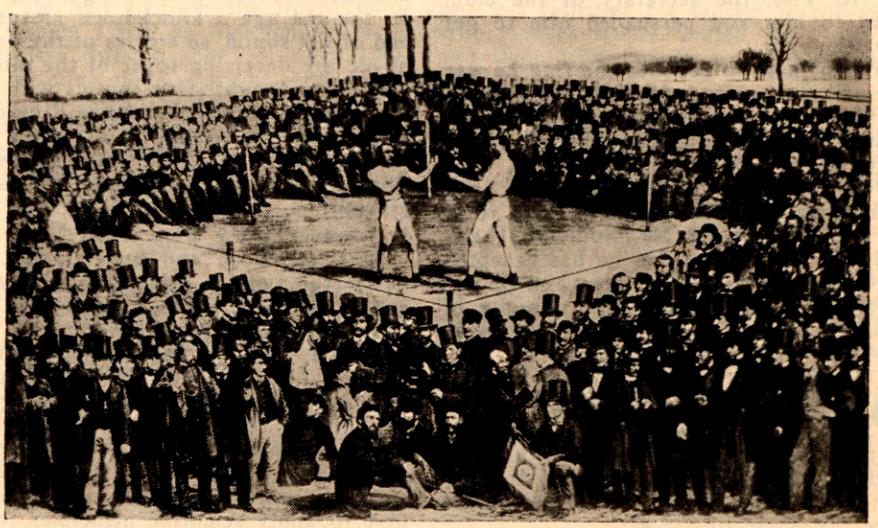
* * *

THE old spirit of the ring is gone. The Prize Fight was a battle which the winner took all or nearly all. The champion who went under lost not only his laurels but his share of the purse as well, and in the old days it was the champion's money, or that of his backers which he lost. He had to make an investment on his own account.

There were no promoters imploring titleholders to accept staggering guaranties, and picture royalties. There were no promoters throwing money at outclassed challengers. If a man wanted a fight he had to dig up a backer, that as late as the days of Jim Corbett, who walked the streets of New York until his trousers became frazzled at the heel before he got somebody to put up the money for him for a fight with the great John L. Sullivan.

(*Continued on page* 14)





There was plenty of romance in the above two battles. The King-Mace contest (on top) held at Goldstone, January 28, 1862, was won by Mace in 43 rounds, and the Heenan-Sayers battle at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860, which ended in a 42-round draw, were equivalent in their period to the Dempsey-Carpentier bout of modern times.

Telegram That Started a Riot

By TIM McGRATH

(*Famous Trainer and Second*)

DURING my many years in the fight game, I have seen many tricks played to get a fellow into the ring. I have tried many myself, but I never was able to learn who was the perpetrator of a message that caused more commotion, than the one which ostensibly came from John L. Sullivan on the night of the Jack McAuliffe-Jimmy Carroll fight in the California Club in San Francisco. A double treat was in store for the fans that night in the form of a great battle between two fine fighters and a telegram of acceptance from the Boston Strong Boy to Peter Jackson for a fight on a winner-take-all basis.

The house was packed. Every kid in the neighborhood, sports from all sections of the Coast, men of wealth, who were members of the clubs, and other famous characters jammed the arena to see the fight. Just before the battle started, into the ring stepped L. R. Fulda, president of the club, and announced he had an important message to read. This was his message:

"I have here a telegram from John L. Sullivan, which I'm sure you'll all be anxious to hear. This is his statement:

"San Francisco, California: Have withdrawn the color line. Will fight Peter Jackson in a 12-foot ring for a purse of $25,000—winner take all.

(Signed) JOHN L. SULLIVAN."

* * *

WHEN the crowd realized what the telegram meant, it let out a roar that almost tore the roof off the building.

From every part of the crowd there were cries for Jackson. The crowd stamped. Hats were tossed into the air. A near riot was on, such commotion had this telegram caused. But Peter, who was in the crowd, was a very bashful man, and he refused to leave his seat until W. R. Vise, the secretary of the club, went to him and persuaded him to get into the ring.

When Jackson got into the ring he was cheered and applauded for several minutes.

Peter waited until the crowd quieted down, and then, in his quiet, gentlemanly way, said:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your demonstration this evening, and, in reply to the telegram of Mr. Sullivan, I can only say that I am glad he has accepted my challenge and I will fight him on the terms he has suggested, for a purse of $25,000, winner take all. He can have the ring made to suit himself."

* * *

ONCE more the crowd went wild. When he could be heard, Fulda stepped back to the center of the ring and stated that he didn't want to take the responsibility of saying the club would give the purse of $25,000.

Can you imagine that! A finish fight between John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson for $25,000, and the promoter balking at putting up that small purse.

Think what Sullivan and Jackson would say if thy were alive now and heard Jack Dempsey talking of a million dollars for a fight of twelve or fifteen rounds or Jack Sharkey getting $100,000 for that fiasco with Stribling.

Well, anyhow, Fulda, as I say, refused to take the responsibility of offering such a purse and wound up his remarks with the statement that if the members of the club were willing to make up the purse among themselves, they were privileged to do so.

* * *

THE California Club, as has often been stated, was made up of big men, and among those present that night were John D. Spreckels, Major McLaughlin, M. H. de Young, Senator John Fair and others.

These men got their heads together, and, in a very few minutes, Fulda got back into the ring, held up his hand, and announced that the purse had been subscribed and that a telegram was being forwarded to Sullivan.

The next day the Associated Press carried a dispatch from Boston wherein Sullivan said:

"I did not send the telegram that was read from the ring in San Francisco. I have no idea who did send it and I have not changed my mind about fighting a colored man. I will not fight Jackson under any conditions."

I don't remember ever having heard who did send the telegram. Probably somebody who thought that Sullivan might be gotten into the ring with Jackson that way.

But, whoever, sent it, if that was his idea, did not know Sullivan. When he said a thing he meant it—he couldn't be bluffed into anything.

Romance of Prize Ring Is Gone Forever

(*Continued from page* 11)

And when reviewing the Past, the spirit of the Past, the glamour and romance of it all, let us not forget that as late as the heyday of Sullivan, heavyweight championships were decided with bare knuckles. There's the soul of combat for you—man to man, bleeding knuckle against bruised brawn—crunching bone against bone—no padding, no leather—as mean almost as the crashing of the cestus in ancient Rome.

* * *

THAT was romance—bare knuckles! Yet the battles of those days perhaps were not on the average as punishing as are those of this modern age of gloves. In the old age a knockdown meant the end of the round, so stories of the battles of old are deceiving to us of the modern age. Men fought sixty rounds with bare knuckles, under London Prize Ring rules, and were not in action for as long a time as are boxers of 1922 who go twenty rounds. But bare knuckles—there's the glamour!

However, there were many long, hard fought, stand up and knock down battles in the London prize ring rule days—and in the days before the London ring rules, when the code drawn up by "several gentlemen at Broughton's amphitheater, Tottenham Court Road, August 16, 1743," governed battles in England. Broughton, though not the first champion of England—that honor goes to James Figg, who won the title in 1719—really was the father of boxing and the first to apply scientific principles to the teaching thereof. Modern speed and cleverness are said to have been demonstrated first by Daniel Mendoza, who reached the zenith of his career in 1789.

Those rules of 1743 were the first drawn up for fistic combat—and they are mighty interesting to us of the modern age. A reproduction of the code is shown in adjoining columns. Examination of the rules shows that they were very elementary—as is only natural. They relied a great deal on the referee in those days—relied on him to meet certain situations and contingencies in his own way.

* * *

IN time it was felt that a more complete set of rules should be drawn up, and out of this feeling came the famous London Prize Ring Rules. These eventually gave way to the Marquis of Queensberry Rules, which were framed in 1865 by the Marquis and Arthur Chambers, a lightweight of considerable renown, who later came to this country and opened a sort of tavern in Philadelphia which became the fistic headquarters of that section.

Now we have the Queensberry Rules hedged in with local commission amendments. But the Queensberry and the London prize ring rules will remain the foundation of ring procedure. Contingencies not provided for in the Queensberry code still are governed by the old London rules.

Clear as the rules may sound, there still are many disputes about the meaning of various sections—and there still is popular misapprehension as to what certain terms mean. For example, "knocked out" does not necessarily mean that the beaten man must be knocked unconscious. "Knocked out" means knocked out of time—unable for any reason whatsoever to come to scratch in ten seconds. And, by the way, there is no such thing as a technical knockout. A knockout is a knockout!

Meekersville Goes Broke for Ballyhoo

Another Howton Story by DANIEL M. DANIEL

THEY met in Arizona Pritchatt's offices in New York. "Well, 'Zona, where do we go from here?" Billy Howton laughed. "Whom are you going to dig up now? Here I am with a perfectly good world's heavyweight championship and no place to go. What's in the old prospector's bean?"

Sallie Dranahan had come to New York to do a little shopping for her hope chest and Billy was half inclined to chuck it all and get married, and go off on a tour of the world. But he had set his goal. A million in cash salted away—and then for the nice, quiet married life.

Pritchatt took a long pull at the ever present cigar. He surveyed Sallie and Billy, and he chuckled. "How about matching the two of you, and then coming to Europe with me?" the sage brush promoter said. "Let's go to that little church around the corner, and sail next week."

Howton laughed. "Listen, 'Zona, here's one match that needs no promoter. I'm going to run it myself. And listen again. When Sallie and I go off on our honeymoon, there won't be anybody else around, get me? Where would we have any fun sailing around with an old bird like you?"

"Yeh?" Pritchatt laughed heartily. "Suppose I tell ye that I'm getting hitched myself?"

And so it came about that Pritchatt got married to a nice little girl from a Broadway show, and went off to Europe, for a six-month junket amid scenes about which he had dreamed, but which he never had hoped to enjoy.

JOHNNY DE FREST stood before Howton, holding a sheaf of telegrams.

"Here's the dope on this match out in the cow country," De Frest said. "With Pritchatt away—and he'll be gone for half a year, anyway—we've got to look out for ourselves. This battle out there would net you about $100,000, which is nothing to be sneezed at, even by a millionaire like you."

Howton dug De Frest in the ribs playfully. "You stop telling me I'm a millionaire, or first thing you know I'll believe it and quit the ring. But you're right. We've got six months to ourselves and I'd like to keep fighting. If there is any money loose out in the West, we'll go out and get it. Tell me about it."

De Frest lit a cheroot and settled himself for a long story. "Out in Idaho, among the hills, there's a town called Meekersville. It's the centre of a big cow and sheep country, and they think they've struck oil, or are about to strike it. Anyway, they're all steamed up about the old publicity gag. They are jealous of the headlines Oredale got when you fought Jim Bardell there, and they'd like a hundred correspondents from New York, Chicago and other city papers sitting around writing pieces about Meekersville and Howton, and "Socks" Gibnant."

"What do you mean, 'Socks' Gibnant? Is he the man I am to fight?" Howton exclaimed.

"Yeh, they like 'Socks,'" De Frest chuckled. "I have tried to talk them out of signing Gibnant, but they seem to think he's the best contender.

"I tried to shift them to Harry Castles, who really is a young comer, but they thought I was looking for a sucker, and it made them all the more determined to make us fight Gibnant."

"Well, I'm a son of a gun," laughed Howton. "Of all the birds, 'Socks' Gibnant, with six children and rheumatism. Well, I'll be switched."

BILLY HOWTON signed to fight "Socks" Gibnant fifteen rounds, or less, to a decision or a knockout, the world's heavyweight title to be at stake. Howton was to get $100,000, win, lose or draw, Gibnant was to receive $30,000, and Meekersville was to get reams and reams of publicity, and a chance to clean up on the municipal promotion venture.

Gibnant had been fighting for ten years without ever getting out of the second-rater class. But in his younger days he had ridden the range around Meekersville. He had spat on the board floor of the Gem Cafe, he had danced with the painted girls in the Florodora. He had a winning smile which at times made up for his lack of a punch. And to a certain degree he was clever.

Every time Howton reminded himself of the match he had to laugh. "They must rate me pretty high to match me with an old gouty guy like this 'Socks,'" Howton would say—and he'd chuckle again.

Meekersville wasn't disappointed in its desire for headlines. Everything Howton did was news, and every bout Howton fought was of international interest. So boxing experts came from far and wide, to hurtle into a situation never before encountered at a world's heavyweight championship.

The experts slept in tents. They had their meals on rough pine boards laid out of doors. They sweltered in the heat of daylight, and they froze in the chill of Idaho nights.

They watched Howton go through his motions, and they sat around with Gibnant and heard him tell stories. They took pictures of his family, they interviewed Mrs. Gibnant, a kindly matron of close to forty. It was a most human, most colorful setting. But there was an amazing lack of acrimony.

Howton met Gibnant and patted him on the back. Gibnant gave out stories praising Howton as a fighter and a sportsman. It was the greatest "handshaker" match in the history of the ring.

HOWTON trained faithfully, but there was a deleterious psychology there. He had no respect for Gibnant's prowess as a fighter and he could not punish himself in his conditioning. Gibnant plugged along, training hard, respecting the greatest chance of his career.

The writers tried their best to give the match a semblance of competitive interest and importance. But they failed. They watched the training with a smile, they wrote their pieces, and then went out to the Great American Tent Show to see the protean and versatile Jackie Chameleon do her stuff—sing, yodle, play the uke, and crack wise, all for two dimes.

They wrote pieces about Jackie, and eventually brought her to Broadway. They wrote about the cowboys and the sheep men, about Meekersville and its Main Street, which straggled off discouraged into the town dump which lay in the foothills.

But no visitors came trooping into Meekersville for the fight. In the big cities Gibnant was called a "ham." Howton was ridiculed for taking on the veteran. Meekersville waited and waited, and then began to do some tall thinking.

TWO weeks before the fight date, which was September 3,—Labor Day,—Howton was supposed to get $50,000. He had received $25,000 on starting training, and was slated to get his last $25,000 before going into the ring.

Howton met the leaders in the promotion of the fight,—George Carnedy, the president of the First National Bank; Steve Laddente, outstanding stock raiser of the neighborhood and a red hot sport; Tacks Taylor, owner of the Gem and the Florodora, an oldtime gambler.

"Billy, we haven't the $50,000 to give you, unless we dig into our own pockets. This fight is going to be a bust," Carnedy began.

"I could have told you that weeks and weeks ago," Howton said. "We tried to steer you off Gibnant, but you insisted. Thought we were trying to get a fall

guy. Well, you started this thing to get publicity, and you have been getting it. If I don't get my money, you'll get more publicity, and it won't be the helpful kind."

"You're right, absolutely right," sighed Laddente. "We thought we were getting oil, and we've struck dusters. We thought the fans would come here, but we've struck more dusters there. We really thought Gibnant was a fighter, and we've struck more dusters there as well.

"It isn't fair to take it out on you, Billy. You have been fair with us. We will be fair with you. I'll mortgage my farm before we welch on the contract."

"Durn you, I'll meet it myself," said Carnedy. "You will do nothing of the sort," chimed in Taylor. "United we stand, divided we fall, if we don't fall united anyway."

They chuckled over the bargain and passed into the Meekersville night, thinking hard.

ANOTHER week went by. Meekersville continued to hope for the big rush from New York and Chicago, for the sports from San Francisco and the movie folk of Hollywood. But the usual trains ambled in without any appreciable addition to the population of the Idaho town.

The shills and grifters began to worry. The confidence men, sleight of hand artists, pickpockets and just ordinary larceny experts were confronted with the possibility,—yes, the probability,—of being forced to steal from each other.

Then they began to look around town. The First National Bank appealed to some of the more venturesome ones,—appealed to them very strongly. And one night there was a series of detonations. There were alarms, a hasty organization of a posse, a wild rush over the hills in pursuit of a gang which was well on its way to Chicago in an airplane.

The $75,000 which Howton was to get was gone. The final $20,000 payment to Gibnant was gone. Meekersville was thrown in to deep despair.

"What are we going to do, Billy?" Laddente and Taylor asked Howton that night. "The town is broke, we're broke, the bank is about busted. No dough for you, no dough for 'Socks,' we're just plain failures, and this town is going to be a laughing stock all over the country."

"Don't worry, folks," Howton told them. "Everything will come out all right."

* * *

THE fight was held. About 8,000 persons were in a big arena which had been built to hold 50.000. Gibnant proved a bigger flop than Howton had thought he would be. But at the ringside sat the matronly Mrs. Gibnant, her face lined with worry. No money, her husband in danger of getting a terrific beating, a lot of little Gibnants waiting in that little house close by the foothills,—waiting for the word that their father had become the champion. They couldn't conceive of anybody being better than 'Pop' Gibnant.

Howton took it all as a joke. He carried Gibnant, made himself miss atrociously. The experts sat puzzled. Was Howton doing his best? Was Howton so far off form? Or was Gibnant so clever and wily?

Round after round went by. Howton with that serious face of his, covered with five days' growth of beard. Gibnant wondering whether he really was good, or whether Howton was so bad,—or because Billy was putting on a show.

For fifteen rounds they went along that way, and at the close Howton had enough points to breeze in. But Gibnant was unharmed,—Mrs. Gibnant was overcome with joy. The boys reared up and gave 'Socks' a hand.

But nobody knew that all Howton got for that fight was $25,000. When they came to him after the bout and told him there was $20,000 in the till, he said, "Give $15,000 to Gibnant. He needs it. He's through. I could have knocked him out with one punch, but what good would that have done? I'll get along. Don't worry about me."

BACK in New York a week later, Howton had a good laugh with Sallie Dranahan.

"Better stop shopping, Sal," Billy chuckled. "After that fizzle, it looks as if I'll have to retire by request."

"Well, you're stronger than ever with me," laughed Sallie.

Five minutes later De Frest tore in. "Break! Here's news from Pritchatt. He'll be back in two weeks, with bigger and better ideas. Honeymooning has palled on the old boy."

Editor's Note: There will be another Howton story in the next issue.)

They'll Ask for No Benefits

By H. STEVENS

IN a secluded corner in Jack Dempsey's gymnasium in Los Angeles recently sat three great little fighters. They discussed boxing and other things. Tod Morgan the dreamer-quiet and reserved, but one of the finest characters the boxing game ever boasted, was thinking of his avocado ranch in Fullerton, California. He knows that it will be his last year in the fight racket, and he is accumulating a modest young fortune to insure him a life of comfort.

Jimmy McLarnin, the Celt, with the heart of a lion, was another. He stopped off long enough to wish Tod Morgan luck, before Jimmy went East. Bud Taylor, the third party, also in his last stand, postponed his workout to be with his friends.

McLarnin, now one of the greatest drawing cards in the East, spoke of his first fight which took place in Oakland. He recalled how he and his manager, "Pop" Foster, had to borrow two dollars from the promoter, Tommy Simpson, when they hit Oakland via the highway in overalls. And how he rose to fistic fame by winning from the best boys in New York, and how he expects to gather a quarter of a million before he retires. He wants to educate the ten other children of the McLarnin family, who never before have known luxury until Jimmy got wealthy. His bank book shows more than one hundred thousand, with prospects of more than double.

Taylor remembered, how as a messenger boy in Terre Haute, Indiana, he peeked under saloon doors to watch great fighters of the past decade squander their money over the bar. And the tremendous obstacles that Bud overcame to become fistically prominent. Nobody but Taylor would have the extreme courage to continue in the boxing game, after such great little fellows like Clever Sencio and Frankie Jerome passed away.

And injuries! Dislocated shoulders, injured hands, boils, broken ankles, trick metacarpal and scapular bone injuries!

No other living boxer has ever had the misfortune of this game little blond veteran, but he fought on, lived clean, and when he finishes this year, he will be financially secured for the balance of his life.

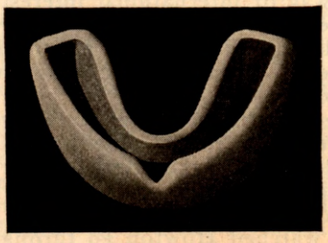
And Tod Morgan, the frail one, harboring a synthetic title, but a real fighter, recalled the day he graduated from Broadway High School in Seattle. A brilliant student, fine character, and pet of his father, the late Fred Morgan, he went into boxing because he felt it was the only way to repay his father for the chance he had given Tod. But Fred passed on before his boy could shower his wealth.

Morgan to-day has a wonderful ranch that will double in value in a short time. He wants to forget boxing. He is married and has a little boy. The happy family of three, spend all their leisure moments on the ranch.

Besides his holdings, Morgan has about $55,000 put away, but this, his biggest year will swell the bankroll considerably.

Three great little fighters—McLarnin, Morgan and Taylor.

The game will long remember them after they are through. They are typical examples of our modern, thrifty boys who take up boxing as a profession.



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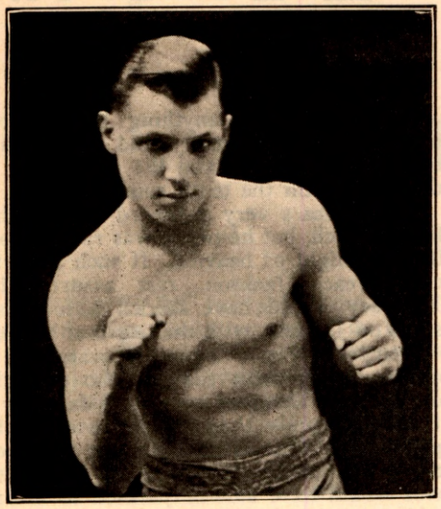
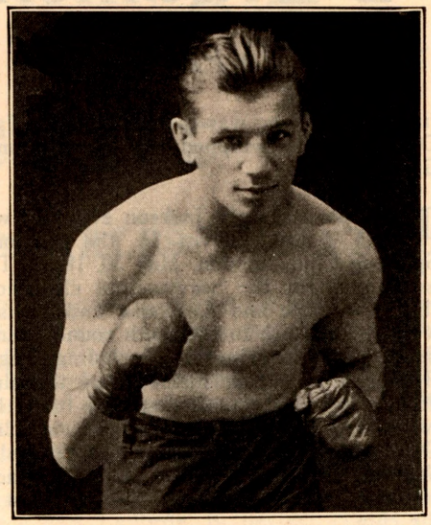
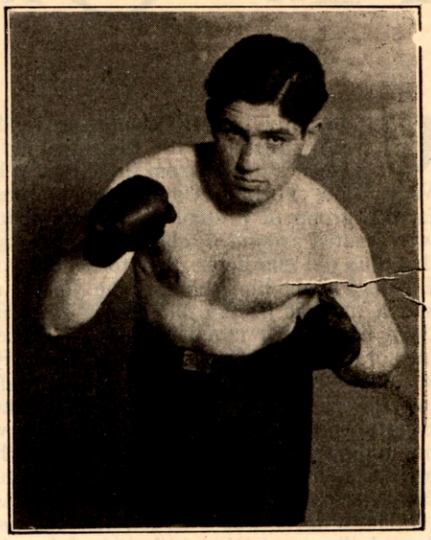


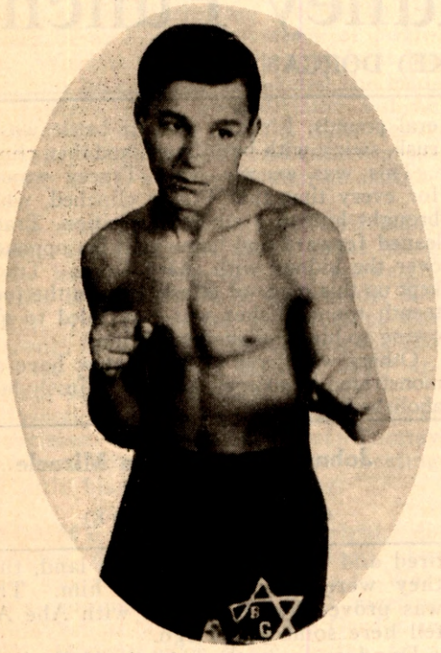
Frankie Hayes, brother of Johnny. Both are Philadelphia lightweights.



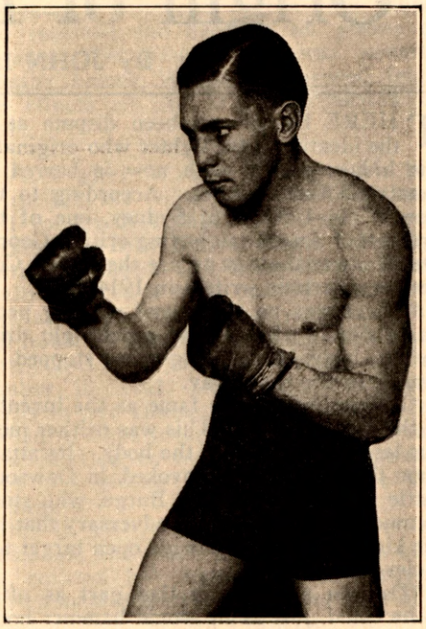
Johnny Hayes, "Three Star" Hennessey's Philadelphia lightweight



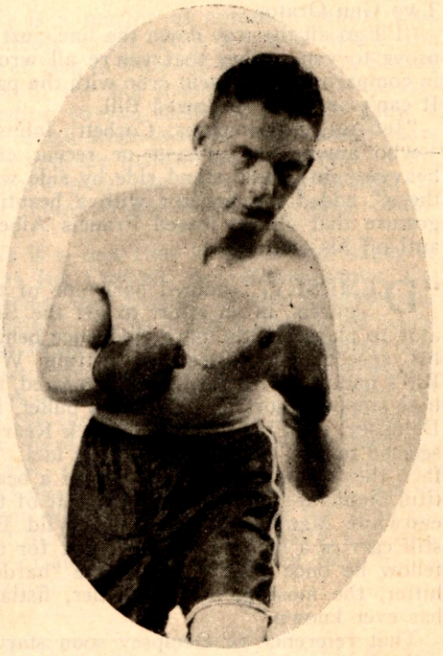
Tony Sciortino, Cranford, N. J., welterweight with good record.



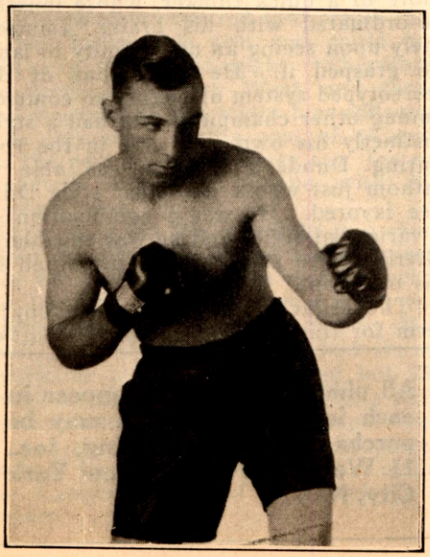
***Benny** Goldstein, former amateur, who is the ring sensation of Baltimore*



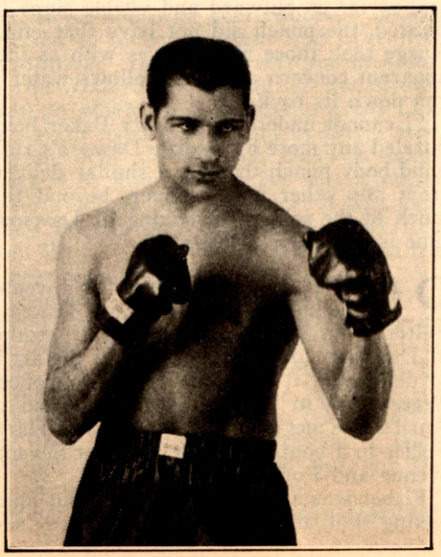
***Johnny Evans**, Milwaukee welterweight.*



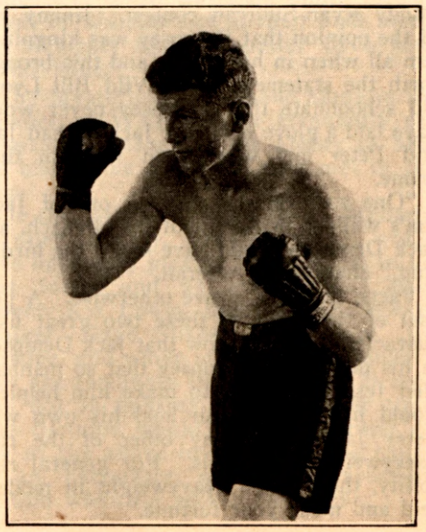
***Irish "Doc" Kennedy**, Georgia welterweight.*



Jimmy Sullivan, Southern middleweight, directed by Woodman and Lawrence



Frank Oben, the Porto Rican Flash now in New York City.



Jimmy Abbott, a 145-pounder from Westbury, Long Island.

An Old Argument Revived

By HYPE IGOE

UP in Billy La Hiff's sporting rendezvous, situated in the Roaring Forties, a stone's throw from the Great White Way, New York City's famous thoroughfare, a group of present-day sports writers were seated around a table as the guests of that fine old character, Senator Bill Lyons. Bill had about him some of the young 'uns and a number of the old timers and made them listen to a two hour speech in commemoration of his sixty-ninth birthday—some say it was his seventy-ninth—and during the patriotic display, the old Western Senator proved to the "boys" that he was not hiding his age by giving them an historic sketch of almost every fighter of note from the days of John L. to the present.

"There never was a fighter like the great John L.," roared Wild Bill. "And for cleverness, show me the fellow who compares to Jim Corbett," eloquently continued the Two Gun Orator.

"I'll go all the way down the line, just to prove to you scribes that you're all wrong in comparing the present crop with the past. It can't be done," bellowed Bill.

"Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Johnson —who among the present or recent crop heavyweights could stand side by side with these," added the Senator with a beautiful gesture that almost tossed Francis Albertanti off his chair.

"DEMPSEY," shouted back one of the guests, in an effort to get the Senator to place a little more eloquence behind his speech, but instead of getting Wild Bill's nanny, as the scribe had expected, the host stopped short as if hit by a bullet, for Dempsey, until his break with Jack Kearns, seemed to be Senator Lyons' fistic idol. In fact, the Senator is in possession of a beautiful diamond-studded watch, the gift of the erstwhile Manassa Mauler, and Wild Bill still carries a soft spot in his heart for the fellow he once referred to as the "hardest hitter, the most punishing battler, fistiana has ever known."

That reference to Dempsey soon started a little discussion between Jimmy Dawson, sports writer of The N. Y. Times and a veteran ho had seen every big fellow since the Paddy Ryan-Sullivan contest. Jimmy was of the opinion that Dempsey was kingpin of 'em all when in his prime, and this brought forth the statement from Wild Bill Lyons' old schoolmate that Dempsey never would have laid a glove on Peter Jackson had Jack and Peter met when both were in their prime.

"One sock on the chin, or one of Jackson's wallops in the pit of the stomach, and Jack Dempsey would have heard the birdies sing," chanted the veteran.

Facts, however, prove otherwise. A perusal of the deeds of these two great fistic characters tends to show that Jack Dempsey, in his prime, the Dempsey that so manhandled Jess Willard as to make him helpless, would have more than held his own with Peter Jackson on any other of the ring heavyweight immortals. For general ring ability, there is no heavyweight in modern held and make your fortune."

ring history, who was greater than the Jack Dempsey who whipped the Pottawatomie Giant.

THE hardest fight Jackson ever had was with Frank Slavin in the National Sporting Club, London, May 30, 1892. The battle was for the heavyweight championship of Europe and Australia, and Jackson won by knockout in the tenth round. Englishmen at the ringside, including Peggy Bettinson and other members of the club, declare it was the most desperate battle between heavies ever seen in that famous club. Good judges declare that it was anybody's fight up to the time in the tenth that Jackson shot over the decisive blow, a right to the chin.

Slavin, who was anything but a good boxer, landed frequently and with telling effect on the negro, and the issue hung in the balance till the tenth round.

Slavin was a very awkward chap, with a heavy punch, but he never was rated among the first flight of heavies. If such a fighter could reach Jackson, rest assured that Dempsey would have landed a few hard shots on Jackson, with the negro at his best.

Dempsey was a more accurate and a quicker hitter than Slavin, who depended on swings. Dempsey was much faster with feet and hands than Slavin was in his prime, and there is good reason to believe that a few of Dempsey's choice raps to the ribs would have slowed Jackson to a walk and prepared him for the final punch.

Origin of Kidney Punch

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THERE has always been dispute as to the identity of the fighter who originated the kidney punch, with now is barred by nearly all boxing rules. According to the late W. F. Corbett of Sydney, one of the greatest of Australian boxing critics, George Dawson was the first to use the blow. Corbett in an article written in 1914, said:

"There was no secret and nothing peculiar about it. It was the usual right drive to the body, which might be stopped or evaded in the usual way.

"Dawson won some fame as the inventor of the kidney punch. This was neither more nor less than a right to the body. Its attack upon the kidney was provoked, in Dawson's battle with Ironbark Jim Burge, who stood so much left side on to an adversary that his left kidney presented a wide open target for a clever opponent.

"Dawson slammed at that part as often as he could, just as he would hammer home the ordinary right to the body.

"He probably never dreamed of weakening or in any way disturbing the kidney, and as far as outward and visible signs indicated, the punch did not have that effect. Burge took those right drives with as little apparent concern as a duck allows water to run down its back.

"I cannot understand Snowy Baker being puzzled any more by George Dawson's right hand body punch than by a similar delivery from any other clever boxer, beyond that much of the science of boxing of Dawson's time is nowadays a lost art."

DAWSON may have been the inventor of the kidney blow, but Tom Tracey, a welter from Australia, and a half brother of Dan Creedon, was a master of the art in so delivering it as to weaken an opponent. Tracey was in New York in 1897 and on April 27 he met a rugged chap named Harry Fisher in a bout in the car barns at Seventh avenue and Forty-second street.

Fisher was a strong fellow, without much boxing skill, and he outweighed Tracey several pounds, Fisher's plan of battle was to rush, swing with both hands and then clinch.

This was exactly what Tracey wanted, for every time that Fisher clinched, which brought him to a stooping position, Tracey leaned forward and hammered his opponent over the kidney with sharp blows. Tracey kept up this mode of attack until in the fourteenth round Fisher was compelled to quit owing to his weakened condition.

Others who have used the blow have demonstrated its danger, and it has justly been abolished.

Johnny Dundee, the Miracle Man

(*Continued from page* 8)

tired and exhausted trying to land, that they were easy marks for him. This was proved by his contest with Abe Attell here some years ago.

Dundee, unlike Driscoll, never had the art of scientific boxing. His style was more of a quick thinker, whose muscles co-ordinated with his brain. Immediately upon seeing an opportunity to land, he grasped it. He used none of the stereotyped system of boxing so common among other champions, but had a style, distinctly his own. No one in the ring during Dundee's heydey, was able to fathom just whose particular style Dundee favored. He was a combination of a variety of styles and he was capable of altering it to suit the type presented by his opponent.

"The Miracle Man," is a well adopted term for this veteran of 400 ring battles.

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book may be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

Joe Walcott Rated the Greatest Welter

By CHARLES T. MATHISON

WHENEVER the pugilistic classification "welterweight" is mentioned, it summons to memory's view a picture of a stumpy negro, black as coal, standing but an inch and a half above five feet, round, chubby face and head that sat close to his shoulders, without any observable connecting neck. Rather a good natured expression on his features and a pair of small, twinkling black eyes.

This was Joseph Walcott, born at Barbadoes, West Indies, April 7, 1872, and known as the Barbadoes Demon to the boxers of at least four classes of pugilism. Walcott weighed 142 pounds at his best, and he not only lambasted the leading fighters in his own division but he stepped up into the middle, light heavy and heavyweight classes and caused great anguish to the backers of men he slaughtered.

It is true that Walcott suffered many defeats, a majority of his setbacks being at the hands of rugged chaps outweighing the Demon by 20 or 25 pounds. Kid Carter, who conquered the Demon, was a strong, hard hitting middleweight, who later on gave Tommy Ryan a hefty argument in a middleweight contest.

Mysterious Billy Smith managed to get a decision over Walcott, but Tommy Ryan was not enthusiastic about meeting the little black boy in the ring.

* * *

TOMMY WEST, middleweight, divided decisions with Walcott, but there was always some doubt as to Walcott's seriousness in the final meeting with West in Madison Square Garden in 1900. Walcott had West beaten to a frazzle at the end of the 11th round, but when the bell sounded for the twelfth chapter, Walcott assured the referee that he had broken his arm and could not fight any more that night. Therefore, the decision went to West, and those who wagered on the white boy collected some tidy sums of the root of all evil. On the next day, the writer saw Joe on Broadway swinging a cane with his "broken" arm.

Only once did Walcott fight in a class below his own, and it was a sad experience for Joseph. He was matched with Kid Lavigne, who had just donned the lightweight titular crown doffed by McAuliffe, and the Saginaw Kid had shown remarkable class. He weighed but 130 pounds at the time, was strong as a bull, aggressive as a terrier, and impervious to punishment. How Walcott ever reached the conclusion that he could stop Lavigne inside of 15 rounds is a mystery.

Perhaps Walcott did not hold that belief. At any rate, the match was made and Walcott was required to stop the white boy in 15 rounds, or lose a $500 side bet. Walcott was compelled to scale 133 pounds ringside, and it was a torturing task, the negro being weakened to such an extent, that for the first seven rounds he was unable to fight with any vigor and Lavigne, in perfect condition, piled up a big lead in points.

Far from knocking out Lavigne, the later was on his feet and fighting like a gamecock at the end of the 15th round and received the decision on points of Referee Tim Hurst. It was several months before Walcott recovered from the effects of the drastic reduction of flesh.

* * *

EVEN after Walcott had proven his calibre, the welter title was being tussled for by Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Mysterious Billy Smith, Eddie Connolly, Matty Matthews, and Rube Ferns. Ferns finally secured a hold on the championship and was sitting pretty when in an evil hour, he accepted a match with Walcott. This took place in Toronto on December 18, 1901, and Walcott stopped Ferns in five rounds. Then Joseph proceeded to fight several middleweights and light heavies, as none of the 142 pound boys felt strong enough to tackle the Demon.

But in 1904, Walcott rambled out to California and made a match with a coffee colored boy named Aaron Brown, known as the Dixie Kid. They met in a 20 round bout in San Francisco on April 30, 1904, and the Kid not only went the route with Walcott, but grabbed the decision on a foul in the 20th round. Much merriment followed this contest. It was referred to as an accident and otherwise discounted. But there was no discount on the Dixie Kid's boxing, as was shown later on when he stopped the great Carpentier in five rounds, and in Gay Paree.

Dixie Kid showed his class in many bouts with good men. He was a clever boxer and stiff puncher. Yet it was generally denied that he had won the title from Walcott and it was charged that the referee was all wrong.

Whether the referee was right or wrong in his verdict has no bearing on the case, for under the rules then in force, the decision of the referee was irrevocable. Therefore Dixie Kid won the welter title from Walcott in 1904, and the fact that Honey Mellody defeated Walcott on points in 1906, did not put the crown on the victor's head.

Mike Twin Sullivan, Jimmy Gardner, Jimmy Clabby and Ray Bronson, all claimed the welter title as successors to Honey Mellody, but they never defeated the Dixie Kid for the honors and had no right to the title.

* * *

IT was in 1900 and 1901 that Walcott was at the peak of his form. In those years he stopped Joe Choynski and Dan Creedon, and doubtless would have stopped other heavyweights had they accepted the challenges he hurled at them.

It is a matter of common report that Walcott upset Tom Sharkey while the latter was in training at Newdorp, Staten Island, for his battle with Jeffries. According to the story, the Sailor grew a bit rough with Walcott in training quarters and the little black hung one on the Sailor's port jaw with force enough to put Tom on the floor in groggy condition.

It is a fact that Walcott was eager to fight Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and anyone in the heavyweight division. There is not a shadow of doubt that Walcott was the greatest fighter and most dynamic hitter in the welterweight class of all time, and that no modern 145 or 147 pound man could have stood up for more than a few rounds before the attack of the black skinned thumper. McCoy and Ryan, in their 142 pound form, would have been easy for Walcott, and Matthews, Ferns, Connolly, and others of that period would not have had a chance.

* * *

MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH was not afraid of the Black Demon, the former winning a 20 round decision over Walcott in 1898. Later on Smith lost on a foul to Walcott and in their final meeting, Walcott had the better of a four round bout.

The Mysterious One stood alone in his defiance of Walcott. He frequently expressed confidence in his ability to beat the black man any time they met in the ring.

Of the later crop of welters, Mellody, Gardner, Clabby, Bronson et al, would have been easy picking for Walcott in his best form, and as for Graves, Mike Glover, Kid Lewis, Jack Britton, Mickey Walker, Dave Shade, Pete Latzo, Joe Dundee, and other modern 147 pounders, they are fortunate the Barbadoes Demon was not in fighting form in their time. The curtains would have been rung on any of the above in less than one round in an encounter with the Barbadoes Demon when he was in his prime.

Nat Fleischer *Says:*

European Boxers Gain the Spotlight
Aid in Keeping Up Interest in Sport
Morgan and Loughran Fearless Champs

THAT British boxers are making a close study of the American style of fighting, is evident from the exhibition given by Kid Berg in his bouts with Bruce Flowers recently in Madison Square Garden. For many years the British fight experts have found fault with the American style of infighting, but regardless of what the experts think, or how they feel about having their "hit-and-get-away" style shunted aside for the more spectacular boring-in tactics, the fighters themselves have come to realize that if they have any hopes of coming to America to show their wares, and if they expect to take back to England American gold, they must be good club fighters.

Kid Berg, after being knocked out by Billy Petrolle in Chicago, where he was bewildered by the fierce, savage attack of his rival, decided to follow in Petrolle's footsteps. He studied the American methods and coming into the Garden, he displayed a brand of buzz-saw fighting in his two spectacular contests with Bruce Flowers, that made him a tremendous drawing card. Charley Harvey, importer of British fighters, the man who handled Owen Moran, Ted Lewis, Jem Driscoll and many other English stars, stood at the ringside and marvelled at this little British speed demon.

"That's what I've been trying to get those Englishmen to do for many years but without avail. We've waited long to get as popular a fighter over from England as Jem Driscoll or Owen Moran, but now we have him in Kid Berg. He'll go a long way in the money class," was Charley's comment. Harvey should know!

The British boxers owe much to Ted Broadrib and Fred Dwyer for what they have done in England to bring boxing back into its own. To the cleverness of the British boys, these two mentors have developed the American aggressiveness, and with the change, have produced a new crop of fighters abroad who will soon threaten American prestige. Boys of the style of Kid Berg and Teddy Baldock are the kind who can make big money in this country. Likewise, the Schmeling type among the heavyweights.

The Berg-Flowers battles—and fights they were—reminded one of the old-time slugfests in which Leach Cross, Battling Hurley, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Fighting Dick Hyland, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, Knockout Brown, Joe Bedell, Joe Rivers and Young Otto were participants. All of the above thrived in a period that was marked by some of the greatest ring battles of modern times.

* * *

Their Stock Rises

THE stock of three fighters whose rise had temporarily been checked, took a leap during the month of May as a result of clean-cut knockouts. Armando Santiago, Cuban junior lightweight, turned the unexpected when he landed the haymaker on Honey Boy Finnegan, Boston's ace, in the sixth round in Chicago. Santiago previously had stopped Joey Sangor only to be halted by Tony Canzoneri in the fifth session. By knocking out Finnegan, rated as one of the best of the world's crop of junior lightweights, Armando automatically jumped into the front rank.

Likewise Von Porat. It isn't often that one can put Jack De Mave away, for the Hoboken boy, although not among the leading ten in the heavyweight ranks, is a tough fighter. While other heavyweights are remaining idle in the hopes they will be able to get one big shot, Von Porat has been pursuing the proper course in keeping busy with the result that he is now in better condition than most of those who are striving for the crown left vacant by Gene Tunney's retirement.

Compolo, who it is expected will shortly be seen in this country, has redeemed himself for his knockout at the hands of Monte Munn by dropping Roberto Roberti in the fifth in Argentine. If Compolo is only half as spectacular a fighter as was his countryman, Luis Firpo, he will be in a position to reap a fortune in America. New blood is always welcome, especially fighters of the picturesque type like Schmeling and Firpo.

* * *

Foreign Boxers in Limelight

FOREIGN boxers are coming to the fore with a rush. The past month has been a profitable one for the boys from other lands. The victories of Ricardo Bertazzola over Jimmy Maloney, Kid Berg of England over Bruce Flowers, Ignacio Fernandez over Al Singer and Vidal Gregorio over Joe Scalfaro have caused the stock of the foreign market to soar. All of which proves what I have so often said regarding the future of fisticuffs in this country. American boxers will have to travel at top speed to retain their supremacy once the boys from overseas absorb our methods.

Kid Berg is a fine example of what training in our methods will develop. He has absorbed all the good traits of our best talent and has retained the best in the British style, with the result that he can now mingle with our leaders. Almost over night he has jumped into the big money ranks.

Likewise with Fernandez. This veteran Filipino has always proved his gameness. He carries a hefty wallop and is of the aggressive school. Against clever boys he has seldom fared well. He is of the boring-in school, the type that will take much punishment in an effort to land one telling blow, but has never demonstrated sufficient ability to earn a place among the top-notchers prior to his defeat of Singer.

Yet he has turned the unexpected and furnished New York fight fans with the biggest surprise of recent months when he knocked out Al Singer in the Garden in the third round. His decisive victory was a shock to the spectators who figured Fernandez would be a mark for Singer.

Fernandez, like the great Pancho Villa, showed the true fighting heart under adverse conditions. Fouled twice in the second round, accidental blows that landed below the belt, he halted momentarily then sailed into Singer determined to offset this advantage. In completing his task by the knockout route, he gave a sterling exhibition and now takes his place among the leading junior lightweights.

* * *

Gregorio Gains Limelight

BY far the finest exhibition seen in New York in many moons was that Vidal Gregorio, Spanish bantam, who has

restricted most of his fighting to the smaller clubs. Gregorio is one of the hardest hitting bantams in the game. He will go a long way if handled properly. The punch that knocked out Scalfaro hit the mark with a thud. It was the cleanest haymaker Garden fans have seen since the new structure was built.

With Gregorio's rise, the bantam class obtains one more classy boy to compete for the vacant title. With La Barba, Kid Chocolate, Al Brown, Ted Baldock, Bushy Graham, Kid Francis and Gregorio in the field, this division now boasts of the best scrappers, comparatively speaking, of any division.

Incidentally, Baldock's adherents, following Ted's victory over Kid Pattenden for the British bantam crown, now lay claim to the world title for him. Baldock, a master of ring science and a hard hitter, rates with the best in the world. With the Lord Lonsdale belt in his possession, Baldock can make a snug fortune by returning to this country to battle the leaders in an effort to settle the question of supremacy.

* * *

Bertazzola May Make the Grade

THE Italian race has a new fistic idol in Ricardo Bertazzola, a 226-pound giant who carries a hefty wallop in the ring. Bertazzola, arriving here unheralded a few months ago, through his victories over Pietro Corri and Jimmy Maloney pushed himself into the spotlight. Almost over night he has become a good heavyweight drawing card. While Ignacio Fernandez and Vidal Gregorio were tumbling over two of New York City's stars, Bertazzola was making a name for himself in Boston, where he convinced the experts that with a little more American tutoring he will go a long way in the heavyweight ranks. Eddie Mack thinks Bertazzola is better now than was Firpo when he came here.

If Bertazzola should stand up in several more tests, he will be a welcome addition here. A fortune awaits another Firpo and if, as Eddie Mack says, the Italian is better than was Luis when he made his debut here, Frank Marlow will reap a fortune with his protege. Bertazzola is stronger than Heeney, Paulino or Schmeling. He has natural fighting instinct and can take a heavy wallop. Doc Bagley, who is schooling him, thinks Bertazzola will make the grade, and Frank should know. I hope so, for we need new talent.

* * *

Tod Morgan Retains Crown

IF all of the champions were as ready to give contenders a chance at the title as are Tommy Loughran and Tod Morgan, the fistic sport in this country would be in a far healthier condition and promoters would not be compelled to worry over the lack of good cards. Tommy and Tod deserve a vote of thanks for their fearlessness. They realize that the crown is public property and have defended their championship as often as promoters have been able to furnish real opposition.

Although Tod Morgan last month met a tough 'un in Baby Sal Sorio, Mexican challenger from San Bernandino, Tod came through with his crown intact. Baby Sal is a boy with a hefty wallop, as he demonstrated on two occasions when he had Tod in distress, yet Morgan's cleverness and his fighting heart brought him through the crisis. The boxing game needs more champions of the Morgan and Loughran school.

* * *

Kid Chocolate Advances

BY gaining a victory over Fidel La Barba, Kid Chocolate, the Cuban Speed Boy, has hurdled his biggest obstacle in his climb towards the bantam crown. Although both boys weighed in beyond the class limit in their battle at the Coliseum in New York City, there seems to be little doubt of the ability of each to register as a bantam. Despite the disapproval of the verdict by probably half of the 17,000 who saw the contest, the fact remains that the Cuban received the decision and automatically climbs a notch towards the goal he has set for himself.

I disagree with those who contend that La Barba either won the battle or should at least have been given a draw. True, La Barba was the aggressor, but Chocolate scored most hits, blocked the greater portion of La Barba's punches and had his Los Angeles opponent on the verge of a knockout on two occasions. My scoring showed three rounds for the former flyweight champion, two even and five for the negro.

INVENTORS OF FAMOUS PUNCHES

INGENUITY and resourcefulness—these added to cleverness, ability to assimilate and give punishment, and a fighting heart—make for the ideal fighter. Ring history is replete with stories of trickery and ingenious inventions which have brought fame and fortune to fighters, but it is doubtful any specialty punch has been more discussed than the pivot blow used by George La Blanche, the Marine, and the solar plexus, made famous by Bob Fitzsimmons.

La Blanche gained world renown when he knocked out Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, then middleweight champion, with the pivot blow. Fitz jumped into the heavyweight championship by whipping Jim Corbett with the solar plexus. Other famous punches are the occipital, a blow behind the head which "Gunboat" Smith used with telling effect; the rabbit, a chop on the side of the ear; the kidney, the "one-two," made famous by Willie Lewis, and the corkscrew, invented by Kid McCoy.

La Blanche gained world-wide fame after his knockout of Dempsey. He died in a hospital at Lawrence, Mass., at the age of 61, on May 3, 1918.

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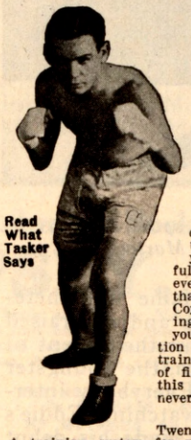

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Spirit of Terry McGovern Inspired "Cannonball" Martin

By SAM TAUB

"I HEARD so much about Terry McGovern that I decided to try to be a McGovern myself." That's how "Cannonball Eddie" Martin explains his rise from an amateur boxer to the world's bantamweight championship.

Martin was reared in a Brooklyn fistic atmosphere which made McGovern a ring demigod. Around Red Hook Point, where he was born—around Bensonhurst and Bay Ridge, where he was a resident later, it was "McGovern did it this way, and McGovern did it that way. Oh, for another Terry!"

Small wonder, then, that Martin was inspired by the spirit of the terrible Terry, and roused by the determination to emulate the once ferocious fighter from Brooklyn.

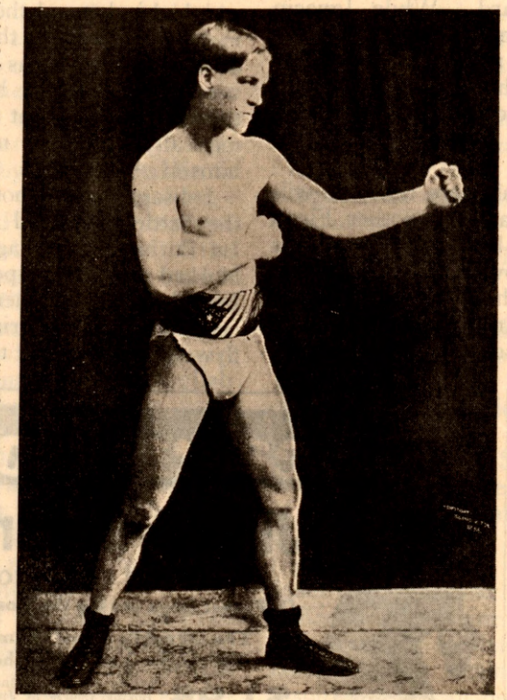
A little spitfire, a two-fisted pudgy youngster, smashing his way to one victory after another back in 1922, 1923 and 1924, eventually to win the world's bantamweight title, caused the Brooklyn fans to sit up and take notice. They heralded the newcomer as the best little piece of fighting machinery the City of Churches had turned out since McGovern beat the best of the boys in his day. His name was Martin.

Little did the parents of Edward Vittorio Martino realize when the sixth of their brood of fifteen arrived, that they had a world's ring champion in their midst. Edward, himself, had been named after a brother who had passed away. It was down in Red Hook Point, at 149 Sullivan St., corner of Conover, in Brooklyn, that the destined fistic star made his appearance on February 28, 1903. Through an error, the record books have Martin's birth as being on March 3, 1903, but the February date is correct. The Martins now reside at 7405-12th Avenue, in between Bayridge and Bensonhurst.

"Pa" Martin, who came to this country when he was eighteen years old, and "Ma" Martin, who was two years of age when her people came to America, little dreamed that one of their brood would be a fighter—let alone a master in his division. Eddie, however, seemed to have a yen for scrapping, though he really did not take the professional end of it seriously until he had learned that one of his amateur opponents had deserted the Simon Pures and was making money.

* * *

PECULIARLY ENOUGH, this amateur scrapper whose turning "pro" decided Martin on following suit and making a small fortune for himself out of the enterprise, was the only man to lick Eddie in the three amateur fights the former bantamweight champion of the world indulged in before he quit scrapping. Martin thought he was through with the gloves, but when he heard of Young Shayne's money-making activities the "Cannonball" decided he would do likewise. A year later Eddie evened the score with Shayne by flattening him.



Terry McGovern whose spirit acted as an inspiration to Martin.

MARTIN'S climb to fame was meteoric. With the hue and cry raised all around Brooklyn about the advent of a second Terry McGovern, the youngster was carefully watched. Everybody interested in fisticuffs kept watching Eddie's rise. From the time he made his debut at the old Jamaica Sporting Club, on November 16, 1921, when he met one Sam Jackson, whom he knocked down eleven times and stopped in the second round, Martin started to make history for himself.

It mattered not that he was outpointed by Artie Downs in four rounds at the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn for his first professional defeat, and later had a string of an even dozen victories when he lost to Howard Mayberry, champion of the Atlantic Fleet, a 125-pounder—the "Cannonball" plugged along. After the Mayberry affair, the youthful Brooklyn Italian started a new winning streak of 55 consecutive bouts, which began in 1922 and did not end until he lost his bantamweight title to Charley Phil Rosenberg in the old Madison Square Garden in a fifteen-round bout on March 19, 1925.

* * *

ABE YAGER, 2nd, publicity agent for boxing arenas, was responsible for the nickname of "Cannonball." He watched Martin against Downs at the Broadway Arena and when Eddie began tearing into his opponent, Yager yelled: "Look at the Cannonball!" And the nickname stuck to Martin from that time on. Few ever think of calling Eddie by other than "Cannonball."

Martin, since the inception of his professional career back in 1921, has had enough excitement jammed into his affairs to break a stouter heart than the "Cannonball" possesses. Eddie passed out of the picture for a year and a half because of a breakdown following the loss of his crown to Rosenberg, but today he is as active as ever. He is eager to get a shot at Andre Routis' featherweight crown, as well as a third opportunity at Tod Morgan's junior lightweight diadem.

A colored fellow by the name of Billy Jackson was Martin's first manager. Jackson couldn't do very much for Martin and four months after signing Eddie, the negro disposed of his contract to Mike Doherty, who later hooked up with Mel Cooke, the combination that piloted Eddie through a victorious campaign to the world's bantamweight crown, which Martin won from Abe Attell Goldstein in the old Garden on December 19, 1924.

After making his debut at the Jamaica Sporting Club, Martin's scene of activities was switched to the old Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, when Andy Niedereiter was the matchmaker. It was at the Grove that the "Cannonball" scored many of his greatest victories. Even in the new Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, which has supplanted the old, dilapidated arena, there is no greater attraction today than Martin.

* * *

ALWAYS willing and satisfied to help, Martin was going along nicely after the Downs defeat, winning twelve fights, when he obliged Promoter Johnny Leon at the old Rink Sporting Club by making his second appearance in one night after flattening Freddie Seid in the first canto of a scheduled six-rounder. That scrap lasted one punch, for Martin ducked underneath Seid's left jab and crossed him with his right and it was all over.

The show was more or less of a disappointment and Martin was coaxed into taking on Mayberry, a more experienced young man. Eddie was outpointed for the second time in his "pro" career, but the fight saved the show. It was a thriller.

The Mayberry scrap showed that the Brooklyn youth had the goods, for Howard, who hailed from Detroit, was a punching fool, and the "Cannonball" was trading with his man from the opening gong to the last. Right after this affair, Martin began to roll up his string of 55 victories, which carried him to the 118-pound crown. With memories of the great Terry McGovern in their minds, the Brooklyn rooters yelled themselves hoarse the night that the "Cannonball" wrested the crown from Abe Attell Goldstein, skillful and hard-hitting Harlemite.

Everything went well until trouble arose when the time drew near for Martin's contract with Manager Doherty to expire. After winning the title, Eddie engaged in scraps with Tommy Murray, Wee Willie Spencer, Carl Tremaine and Pete Sarmiento. The last two were fought just before Martin lost his diadem to Charley Phil Rosenberg, with whom he had previously clashed three times, winning twice and fighting a draw.

The break between Martin and his managers came after he lost his crown. The "Cannonball" suffered a breakdown and Manager Doherty was later taken down with an illness from which he never recovered. Eddie maintains that he never should have boxed Rosenberg when he did, following his grueling affairs with Tremaine and Sarmiento.

As Doherty and Cooke had piloted him to the top, Martin decided he would go through with the Rosenberg match, although he felt he was not primed for such a hard contest. His defeat followed and almost broke Martin's heart.

* * *

WHEN the news leaked out that Martin had been seriously ill, following the loss of the crown, the sympathy of the boxing public was aroused. After a year and four months in seclusion, his friends, who had come to believe that Eddie was through as a ring warrior,

Andre Routis, featherweight champion, whose title Martin seeks.

were surprised to see him start a comeback under the banner of Pete Reilly. The latter had offered the "Cannonball" a bonus of $5,000 to sign with him, but Eddie didn't take the dough, although he fought two fights for Reilly, one with "Irish" Jimmy Curtin and the other against Lew Perfetti.

Martin was peeved because he was booked with Perfetti, whom he styled a clown performer, and thereafter decided to do his own business. He afterwards hooked up with Bob McMeekin and later joined forces with Johnny Keyes, who got him two shots at Tod Morgan's junior lightweight crown. The pair had a falling-out after the second battle with Frank Churchill's champion and Martin went back to the McMeekin banner. Since the last Morgan affair, staged on July 18, 1928, Eddie has had five fights, his last bout being with Davey Abad in St. Louis, which drew $18,000.

Many of those who saw the two Morgan affairs are still convinced that Eddie was the better man on both occasions. While Martin's best weight to-day is 130 pounds, he is willing to go down to the 126-pound mark for a mixup with Champion Andre Routis, who dethroned Tony Canzoneri. That's the only man for whom the "Cannonball" will agree to make the featherweight limit. His ambition is to get Morgan into the ring again, believeing that in a third tilt with the Coast star he will surely capture his second ring title.

* * *

ON THE WHOLE, Martin's record is one he may well point to with pride. In more than 100 ring engagements, Eddie ran second in only two scraps when he first turned "pro" and since joining the headliners, was defeated only on three occasions. A fine little piece of fighting machinery, the "Cannonball' has added his name to the list of Brooklynites who have made good in the prize ring.

* * *

The two "M's," Martin and McMeekin, form a great combination. Bob, debonair manager, knows the fighting game from A to Z. He himself was a fighter twenty years ago, having boxed in the old Sharkey A. C., Bill Brown's and Jess McMahon's Olympic Club, at 125th Street and Manhattan Avenue, known as the "Old Band Box." Like the "Cannonball," Bob usually gave the customers a run for their money.

McMeekin has several other fighters under his wing, among them Johnny Penna, a bantamweight, who will bear watching, as his early performances have caused Bob to believe he has another diamond in the rough. Eddie's manager also has several other youngsters under his wing whom he will put on display when the open-air season starts.

Martin has a brother, Gene, who the "Cannonball" thinks will make good. He is only eighteen years old and a featherweight, has more class and science now than Eddie had after fighting for three years. "Ma" Martin is opposed to Gene entering the ring.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE heavyweight class is still in a chaotic state. The outstanding ranking heavyweight may be listed after the winner of the Max Schmeling and Paulino Uzcudun bout meets Jack Sharkey next September.

Many heavyweight bouts were staged last month.

Emmett Rocco created an upset when he whipped Johnny Risko in Cleveland. Otto Von Porat regained his stride when he flattened Jack De Mave in two rounds, the first time that individual ever took the full count.

Von Porat is the most dangerous hitter in the heavyweight division. Phil Scott returned to activity by winning over Ludwig Haymann in England. K. O. Christner tumbled Ray Bold in round number one.

Ricardo Bertazzolo, latest Italian menace, was credited with winning over Jim Maloney on a foul in four rounds. Bertazzolo fought excellently and was leading before Maloney struck him after the bell sounded.

Victorio Campolo, Argentenian, regained his lost standing when he flattened Roberto Roberti, huge Italian, in the fifth session. Angus Snyder won over Big Boy Peterson and Joe Lohman and Peterson in turn was outpointed by Chuck Wiggins. Les Marriner made his return to the ring by stopping Jack Lee in eight rounds. Marriner is a fine looking prospect and was inactive for several months due to a bad hand.

George Hoffman, former National amateur heavyweight charmpion, was held even by Lew Barba but put the finishing touches to the ancient Mike McTigue in two rounds and compelled McTigue to announce his definite retirement. Mike Sankovitch scored over King Solomon.

Maurice Gribelle, a newcomer, flattened Knute Hanson in five rounds at Paris. Arthur De Kuh kayoed Dave Knost in the second round.

Al Friedman lost on a foul to Jack Gagnon in five rounds and Jack Renault was disqualified in the tenth round of his bout with George La Rocco for fouling. Benny Touchstone won over George Neron. Leon Chevalier scored over Tiny Roebuck on the Pacific Coast. Ace Clark kayoed Ike McFowler in the third round and Joe Sekyra drew with Andy Mitchell at Dayton.

IN the month's leading fights, Tommy Loughran again stepped out of his class and won a decisive victory over Ernie Schaaf at Boston. Tuffy Griffiths whipped Al Friedman. Leo Lomski outpointed Yale Okun, Charley Belanger disposed of Jack Lee in the tenth round.

Rosy Rosales kayoed Mike Mandell in seven rounds, won over Dick Daniels but was disqualified in the third round with Jack Barry for an apparently foul blow. Daniels turned in kayo victories over Art Malay in two rounds and Tom Pivac in five.

Leo Williams, who has developed great punching powers, flattened Nando Tassi in the first round and is causing a furore in New York fistic circles. K. O. Phil Kaplan defeated Babe McGorgary. Roy Wallace kayoed Jimmy Mahoney in seven rounds. George Manley disposed of Ted Easterling in the third round.

Ace Hudkins, uncrowned middleweight champion, returned to competition by stopping Tom Moore in three rounds at Hollywood. George Courtney turned in quite a task when he stopped the tough Babe McGorgary in six rounds. Len Harvey captured the middleweight championship of Great Britain when he knocked out Alex Ireland, former titleholder, in the seventh round. Harvey appears to be the most formidable of English gladiators when it comes to hitting ability.

Harry Ebbets lost the decision to Frankie O'Brien but came back to win over Gummy Snyder. Wilson Yarbo was beaten by Joe Roche and Jock Malone but disposed of Wild Bill Rogers in two rounds. Henry Goldberg disposed of an Italian invader, Enzo Fiermonte, in the first round at New York.

JOE DUNDEE finally came through with a clean cut victory over Young Ketchell at Elam, Pa. Jackie Fields, who stands head and heels over all other opposition, easily defeated Clyde Chastain at Chicago.

Gorilla Jones, another looming figure, won over Al Mello an dstopped Izzy Grove in six rounds. Sammy Baker kayoed Irish Tommy Jordan in the eight round.

Vince Dundee won decisions over Pal Silvers and Bucky Lawless. Arturo Shackels fought a draw with Archie Sexton in England and then whipped Sexton in a return engagement in Paris. Dick Ramies kayoed Al Wolgast in seven rounds, won over Farmer Joe Cooper but lost on a foul to Larry Brignolia in six rounds.

Brignolia won over Johnny De Marco and flattened Frankie Petrolle in six rounds. Billy Light scored over Babe Anderson but was licked by Jimmy Evans. George Ward won over Matty Mario. Tony Vaccarelli and Pete Meyers fought to a draw and Paul De Hate whipped Tommy Jones.

Mushy Callahan again convinced the skeptics of his return to form when he kayoed Dummy Mahon in the third round of a highly sensational encounter in which both principals hit the canvas on alternate occasions.

Baby Joe Gans scored over Ham Jenkins in Denver. Ruby Goldstein, with consistent campaigning, should be the reigning sensation of the country. Pound for pound, the hardest puncher in the game today but handicapped by lapses of inactivity. He came back to dispose of Gene Johnson in the first round.

Stanislaus Loayza whipped Georgie Day. Manuel Quintero kayoed Tommy O'Brien in five rounds at New Orleans. Jimmy Goodrich won over Bucky Lawless. Lope Tenorio drew with Joey Harrison and Mike Payon whipped Joe Trippe.

LOUIS KID KAPLAN asserted himself in masterful style when he eliminated Billy Wallace from ranking position as Sammy Mandell's outstanding contender. Wallace turned in a victory over Joe Glick who was also beaten by Georgie Day but turned back Louis Vincentini in New York. Vincentini scored over Armando Santiago, dangerous punching Cuban, who flattened Honeyboy Finnegan in six rounds and won over Herman Perlick on a foul in eight rounds. Ray Miller won over Billy Petrolle at Detroit.

Jack Kid Berg, English lightweight, turned in two highly meritorious victories over Bruce Flowers in successive bouts in Madison Square Garden. Tommy Grogan kayoed Johnny Mello in the seventh round. Eddie Kid Wolfe won over Lew Terry and Don Davis. Tony Herrera, a promising Mexican, ran riot during the month. He scored knockout wins over Ray Newton in five and sixth rounds, Herman Perlick five rounds, and then won decisions over Jimmy Hackley and Frankie Ferro. Eddie Anderson won over Tony Legouri, Joey Kaufman and Harry Kid Brown.

Fred Webster gained the lightweight championship of England by winning over Sam Stewart. Eddie Reed won over Joey Wilton and Maxie Strub. Joey Goodman, brilliant Cleveland youngster, flattened Jack Duffy in the first round at Cleveland. Phil McGraw whipped Sylvio Mirault in Montreal. Henry Perlick whipped Jimmy Borde but lost to Fay Kosky. Benny Valger scored over Armando Schackles in Paris.

TOD MORGAN defended his title against Baby Sal Sorio in Los Angeles and did not have much trouble in retaining his laurels. Davey Abad decisively scored over Cannonball Eddie Martin in St. Louis. Irish Bobby Brady lost on a foul to Al Ridgeway in the second round and in turn was knocked out by Harry Blitman in the ninth session.

Pete Nebo scored over Dominick Petrone. Mike Dundee outpointed Harry Forbes. Tony Caragliano disposed of Marty Goldman in eight rounds.

Andre Routis defended his title in Baltimore against Buster Brown and scored a three round knockout but was beaten by Tony Canzoneri in Chicago. Benny Bass whipped Petey Mack and Steve Smith. Smith was outpointed by Kid Chocolate who later went on to defeat Fidel La Barba.

Both Chocolate and La Barba seem to have outgrown the bantam division and in the future will devote their time in the 126 pound class. Any Martin licked Eddie Reed in Erie.

Ignacio Fernandez turned in a real upset when he flattened Al Singer, New York star, in three rounds. Earl Mastro outpointed Babe Ruth at Louisville.

Midget Mike O'Dowd turned in a pair of victories over Willie Michel. Johnny Datto won over Billy Kowalik and knocked out Steve Nugent in two rounds. Johnny Cuthbert regained the featherweight championship when he defeated Harry Corbett in their return match. Soldier Dombrowski won over Johnny De Neri. Harry Crisp kayoed George O'Brien in four rounds but was held even by Stanley Williams.

Bushy Graham who still rules the bantamweight division outpointed Bushy Graham in Providence. Teddy Baldock defeated Kid Pattenden in London. Vidal Gregario, Spanish threat, put over a surprise when he kayoed Joe Scalfaro in the second round. Kid Francis and Emile Pladner, now a bantam, battled to a draw in Paris. Pete Sanstol won over Mickey Lewis and kayoed Arthur Rogers in eight rounds while Rogers put the finishing punch over Johnny Vacca in the first round. Terry Roth kayoed Mickey Lewis in the second round. Archie Bell won on a foul over Tony Ross in the first period.

Willie Davies won over Harry Goldstein, Louis Carpentero and Frisco Grande. Grande was also beaten by Art Giroux. Frenchy Bellanger regained his Canadian flyweight title when he kayoed Harry Hill in six rounds. Hill whipped Joey Eulo. Black Bill outpointed Jackie McDermott.

RATINGS ENDING MONTH OF MAY

The following are my ratings of boxers for the month ending June 1:

	Heavyweights	Light Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
1	Jack Sharkey	Tommy Loughran	Mickey Walker	Joe Dundee	Mushy Callahan
2	Max Schmeling	Maxey Rosenbloom	Ace Hudkins	Jackie Fields	Jimmy McLarnin
3	George Godfrey	Tuffy Griffiths	Rene De Vos	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans
4	Paul no Uzcudun	James J. Braddock	George Courtney	Y'g Jack Thompson	Ruby Goldstein
5	Young Stribling	Leo Lomski	Dave Shade	Al Mello	Stanislaus Loayza
6	Otto Von Porat	Jimmy Slattery	Len Harvey	Young Corbett	Bruce Flowers
7	Emmett Rocco	Charley Belanger	Jack McVey	Tommy Freeman	Jimmy Goodrich
8	Ricardo Bertazzolo	Rosy Rosales	Haakon Hansen	Sammy Baker	Pinky Kaufman
9	Jim Maloney	Cuban Bobby Brown	Frankie O'Brien	Vince Dundee	Manuel Quintero
10	Johnny Risko	K. O. Phil Kaplan	Vincent Forgione	Bucky Lawless	Andy Callahan

	Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
1	Sammy Mandell	Tod Morgan	Andre Routis	Bushy Graham	Izzy Schwartz
2	Louis Kid Kaplan	Tony Canzoneri	Benny Bass	Al Brown	Frankie Genaro
3	Ray Miller	Davey Abad	Ignacio Fernandez	Teddy Baldock	Midget Wolgast
4	Billy Wallace	Johnny Farr	Kid Chocolate	Kid Francis	Willie Davies
5	Jack Kid Berg	Harry Blitman	Fidel La Barba	Emile Pladner	Johnny Hill
6	Tommy Grogan	Sammy Dorfman	Steve Smith	Vidal Gregario	Frenchy Bellanger
7	King Tut	Pete Nebo	Andy Martin	Tommy Paul	Black Bill
8	Billy Petrolle	Mike Dundee	Bud Taylor	Pete Sanstol	Pablo Dano
9	Tony Herrera	Honeyboy Finnegan	Earl Mastro	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
10	Joe Medill	Al Singer	Midget Mike O'Dowd	Joe Scalfaro	Ernie Peters

BOXING CARNIVAL IN TEXAS

By VICTOR EMANUEL

Sports Editor, "The Galveston News"

THE greatest amateur fistic carnival in the history of the Southwest will be staged in Galveston August 31, September 1 and 2.

The event will be the first Texas Amateur Athletic Union Boxing championships, in which every non-professional fighter in the state will be given an opportunity to compete. An international flavor will be given the carnival in the presence of a strong team fro mthe Isthmus of Panama, which will conclude the tournament with a series of matches against the champions.

Because it may be the forerunner of legalized professional boxing in Texas, the tournament is particularly timely. It is the most extravagent venture undertaken in Texas rings in many years. Under the present laws, none would dare undertake a professional championship bout, and nothing else but a huge amateur tourney will advertise and popularize the game. If the carnival proves a success, boxing will win many friends and also many votes in the State Legislature.

The tournament is sponsored by the Galveston Beach Association, who also promote the annual International Pageant of Pulchritude and Bathing Beauty Review, and the Galveston chapter of the A. A. U. They have divided the state into eleven districts and plan to stage sectional tournaments in each, starting around July 1. The sectional winners in each division will be provided all expenses to come to Galveston and compete in the finals, which end Labor Day.

A massive outdoor arena which will provide seating accommodations for more than 10,000 people is to be erected for the tournament here, so that accommodations may be provided for everyone.

Early indications point to the preliminary district affairs and the big final tournaments proving among the outstanding Texas sporting events of 1929.

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Bob Sangster Has New Welterweight Sensation in Billy Edwards

By FRANK THOMAS

WHILE Jackie Fields, Jack Thompson, Tommy Freeman, Izzy Grove, Gorilla Jones, Al Mello and the other headliners are sharing the spotlight as outstanding opponents for Joe Dundee, kingpin of the welterweights, another youngster has cropped up on the fistic horizon overnight and expects to be in the big swim for the 147 pound diadem within another year.

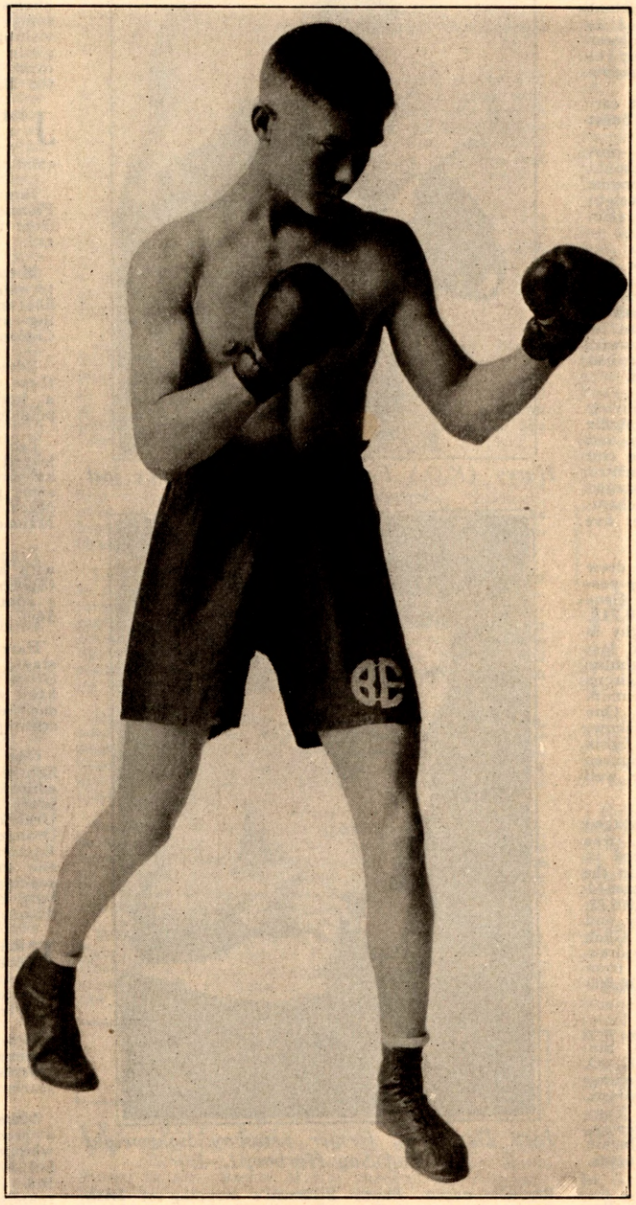
Singularly enough, the newcomer, who has not as yet been introduced to the New York fans, is a find of Robert F. ("Bob") Sangster, popular Erie fight manager, who piloted Tommy Freeman from an unknown to the position of one of the stars of the ring firmament. Nothing can be said about Freeman the fans do not already know. His name is mentioned because of the fact that Sangster, his manager, is the pilot of the new favorite, Billy Edwards.

SANGSTER, who has had sufficient experience in the ring to appraise correctly the possibilities of a youngster, believes that his newcomer, who is a native of Savannah, Ga., and celebrated his eighteenth birthday on May 22 last, is even a better fighter at this stage of the game than Freeman was at the same age.

Word has been trickling along the fistic path about the newcomer but it was not until the other day that the real facts came to earth. "Bob," preferring to let the action of his fighters in the ring speak for their ability, finally opened up and told a few things about the youth who is rated ace high down South.

Sangster waited until the proper spot showed up in which to drop his new idol and the opportunity presented itself when the Erie Arena ran a show on the night of May 18 last.

He was matched with a rugged lad hailing from Cleveland by the name of Marty McHale. The punching prowess of the Savannah "kid", plus his knowledge of ring technique, amazed the old timers at the ringside. McHale, a willing lad, fought to the last ditch, with the result that their contest, which terminated in a knockout victory for Edwards in the last round, stole the show.



BILLY EDWARDS

EDWARDS, in his big test, acquitted himself nobly according to the experts. He ripped and battered his way past the Clevelander's guard, scoring seven knockdowns in the short fray, six of which were for nine seconds' counts. McHale, according to one of the scribes, presented a rugged appearance against the lithe lad from Dixie, but Billy showed Marty a right hand that McHale is going to have a flock of respect for, if these boys ever meet again.

What proved to Manager Sangster that he had a real find in the youth, aside from his victory, was the fact that McHale is nobody's fool as a puncher. In the second round Edwards' fighting spirit began to manifest itself and with a terrific right hander, turned the tide of battle and the Clevelander ran second from there on until the arbiter called a halt in the sixth and last session.

According to the records, this Edwards boy, whom Sangster is grooming for future possibilities as a contender for the welterweight diadem, has had sixteen ring skirmishes. In fourteen of these bouts, he stopped his opponent. The other two the Savannah boy won decisively. Three of his engagements took place in Erie. Singularly enough, Billy put the crusher over on the trio.

"I AM not going so far as to say right now that Edwards is going to some day wear the championship toga," Sangster told one of the boxing experts recently. "What I do say is that Edwards is a better fighter at his age than Freeman was and you know I always had the highest regard for Tommy's ability with the gloves. Freeman has been a headliner and a topnotch performer ever since he broke into the big time.

"I am convinced that Edwards will not only make the grade but I look for him to win the championship. Maybe I'm wrong but I think I have the greatest find of the present season under my management."

While Sangster has not made known his intention of bringing the Southern boy into any of the New York rings, it is almost a certainty that Edwards will be swinging away at a foeman in the hempen square around the Metropolis before long. The chances are the first time Freeman is again booked for around here, Manager Sangster will ask the promoter to show Billy on the same bill. And "Bob" is sure that's all that will be necessary to put his man on the fistic map in New York. Watch this boy. Edwards is a comer. He'll make good.

This has been a year of sensations in boxing. More good talent among the smaller fry has appeared this year than at any time in the last decade. The small boys are coming along at a faster clip than the fellows in the heavier ranks and Billy Edwards is one of those who is making a name for himself.

Adv.

New York Boxing Notes

By LEFT JAB

THE fistic treat of the year, so far as reading matter is concerned, is the 324 page book on the life of Jack Dempsey, written by Nat Fleischer, publisher of The Ring. This book, written in colloboration with Jack Dempsey and with a foreword by the former world's heavyweight champion, is a narrative and a history combined.

In this book Nat Fleischer carries Dempsey from his days in the copper, silver and gold mines, up through his life as a roamer and vagrant pugilist, on to his start in New York, and then on to his battle with Jess Willard, in which Dempsey won the heavyweight crown. From hobo to champion, from mine mucker to a millionaire, would be a fitting title for this thrilling narrative by Fleischer.

Not only does Fleischer publish many anecdotes never before told of Dempsey, but also gives an accurate account of his pre-championship days, his title battles and his measurements in all important bouts. Every contest in which Jack appeared is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture. Every step leading up to the title, every move that stood out in Dempsey's career as a champion, is vividly told.

The book is a red-hot story of adventure. It carries a punch in every chapter and is by far the finest book on the life of a fighter ever written.

Every friend of Jack Dempsey should be in possession of this book. Every sports editor should have one, if only for the great amount of reference material to be found therein for future heavyweight bouts. Don't miss it. It's worth far more than the $2 Nat asks for it.

WHILE matters pugilistic were in more or less of a dormant condition in Greater New York during the month of May, a number of interesting events took place. Overshadowing everything else in point of importance was the announcement by Jack Dempsey that he had severed relations with Humbert J. Fugazy and Ed Cole. No matches had been booked by the trio since they got together.

The New Madison Square Garden, after enjoying its most successful indoor season with Tom McArdle as the matchmaker, staged four shows in May and all were very gratifying, both from a box office and fighting standpoint. Five carnavals were presented after the circus moved out. Eight shows were staged last year under similar conditions, with several champions and near-champions on the bills. The last five scraps this year had no champions booked.

Aside from the Sharkey-Delaney match, which drew $88,574, when there was talk of both men being possible candidates for the match with Champion Gene Tunney, the Bronx Hospital bill, that netted $50,712, and the McLarnin-McGraw affair, which brought in $33,182, all of the remaining five shows staged last year drew well under the $20,000 mark. The minimum intake of the five events presented after the circus this year, however, was $23,122.83, and the maximum $33,798.46, for this year's Bronx Hospital show. One must not forget that aside from the charity show, held on May 17, which had a $7.50 top, all the fights had only a $5.49 ringside charge, hence these figures are mighty interesting in that they show how well boxing is established.

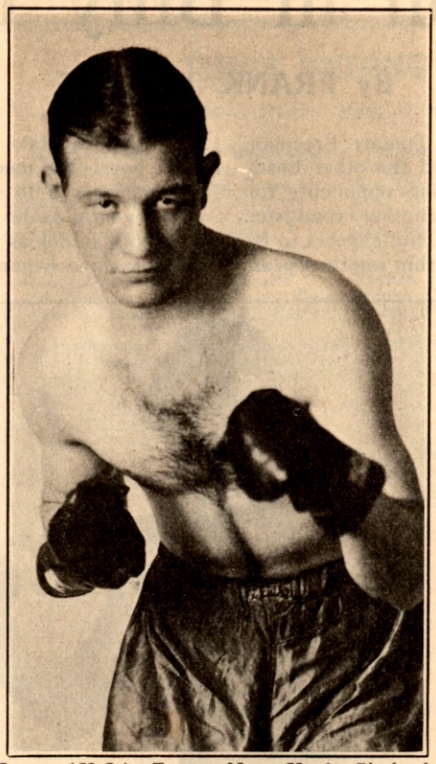
The aggregate intake of the twenty-six shows staged between October 5, 1928, and May 23, 1929, was $1,262,711.23, breaking all marks for that period in the New Garden. McArdle's record intake was in the Jimmy McLarnin-Ray Miller ten-round bout staged on March 22, when the receipts totaled $95,900.88. Paulino and Christner drew $81,504.64, Sharkey and Christner $73,609.19, and McLarnin vs. Joe Glick $71,797.81. Of the first twenty shows, only two drew a little more than $20,000. The others, aside from those already mentioned, drew anywhere from $30,000 to $60,000. Pretty nifty, we'll say.

UNDER the McArdle regime the following new faces were introduced: Max Schmeling, Al Singer, James J. Braddock, Rene DeVos, K. O. Christner, Otto Von Porat, Gorilla Jones, Tommy Grogan, Kid Chocolate, Vidol Gregorio Joe Scalfaro, Jack Kid Berg, Bobby Brady, Harry Blitman, Tony Caragliano, Al Rowe, Frankie Bauman, Al Ridgeway, Earl Mastro, Joe Barlow, Jackie Fields and Jackie Philips. Most of them played return engagements, although some of the entrants were defeated.

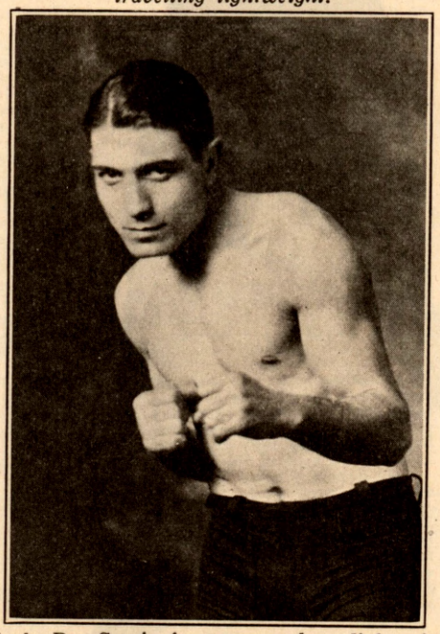
Jack Gagnon, Ben Jeby, Con O'Kelly, Charlie Belanger, Osk Till, Joey LeGrey, Alf Ros and Marty Goldman also performed several times, losing in return engagements. Tuffy Griffith was the biggest bust of the season when James J. Braddock stopped him in two rounds. Al Mello, Tiny Roebuck, Johnny Widd, Freddie Polo, Nando Tassi and Emmet Rocco are some of the other headliners who failed dismally.

Many upsets marked the last four shows. Al Mello was decisively beaten by Gorilla Jones. Ignacio Fernandez not only halted Al Singer's winning streak, but kayoed him. On the same card Vidol Gregorio startled the fans by a two-round knockout over Joe Scalfaro, who had previously held Kid Chocolate to a draw in the same ring.

The two greatest thrillers were supplied by Jack (Kid) Berg, English lightweight, in scoring two well-merited victories over Bruce Flowers, game New



Harry (K.O.) Ferry, New York City's fast travelling lightweight.



Jack De Santi, former newsboy lightweight star of Sag Harbor, L. I.

Rochelle negro. Harry Blittman's stopping of Irish Bobby Brady and Tony Caragliano's kayo of Marty Goldman were two other features of the Garden finales.

Jess McMahon's lone show during the month of May at the New York Coliseum was the ten-round bout between Kid Chocolate and Fidel La Barba, which the former won on points after a close, gruelling quarrel. The net receipts were $46,000. Whatever opportunity the winner had to be given recogniation to the bantamweight crown was lost because of the fact that the principals came in as full fledged featherweights.

Frankie O'Brien of Hartford jumped into fame by beating Harry Ebbets, Freeport blonde. The bout was staged in Connecticut. Just before the fight O'Brien's contract was purchased by A. A, Carter, wealthy sportsman, a la Tony Biddle, who turned his protege over to Gus Wilson to train and handle the newcomer and also book his matches. All those who have watched Frankie say he's a peach and will go a long way in his quest for the middleweight crown, especially with Gus Wilson handling his affairs.

The tragedy of the month was the passing out of the picture of Bold Michael McTigue, who suffered a two-round knockout at the hands of George Hoffman, former amateur heavyweight champion, in the last show held at the St. Nicholas Arena. McTigue thought his uncanny ways might beat his opponent, but Hoffman is a dangerous man to trifle with. It was just another case of the pitcher that went to the well once too often.

Charley Doesserick and Jimmy Deforest are doing splendidly in their new gymnasium, the Pioneer, in West 44th Street, near Eighth Avenue. Charley knows how to build up business and he certainly is doing it. He has the cream of the New York and visiting talent in training. With Prof. Deforest to guide the boys and Charley to handle the management, this gym is sure to become the leading one in the East.

JIMMY DUFFY, veteran west side lightweight, a real tough hombre in his day, recently suffered a nervous breakdown and was ordered to the country for a rest by his doctor.

James J. Johnston is singing the praises of Enzo Fiermonte, Italian middleweight, who recently arrived from the other side. Fiermonte is 5 feet 11½ inches tall.

Murray Kezd, Hymie Caplan's Ghetto junior welterweight, is coming along nicely. Kezd shapes up like another find. He's still a youngster, but is picking up well. Al Singer, who is also managed by Caplan, has been helping the youngster out.

Eddie Lawson's Mitchel Field arena is drawing well these days. Two of his best cards are Harry Sankey, a junior lightweight, and Jimmy Abbott, a 150-pounder.

Leo Dazzo, Joe Malone's Harlem junior lightweight, leaped into the limelight when he scored a technical knockout over Georgie Nickfor at the St. Nick, the same night that Benny Bass returned to beat Petey Mack. The gross receipts that night were $5,800. Malone has Dazzo signed to a three years' contract.

Frankie Genaro returned from his Paris invasion with an even break in his two affairs with Emil (Spider) Pladner. He was kayoed the first time in a round and won via the foul route in the second duel.

Harry Ebbets and Gummy Snyder, middleweights, staged a six-round thriller at the New Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, in Brooklyn. The two right-hand sluggers waged a bitter duel. Ebbets got the decision, principally on a knockdown scored in the opening canto.

Gus Wilson is getting Primo Cicci Uraldo, Italian lightheavyweight, ready for his American debut. The eminent trainer is also negotiating for some ring bouts for his Belgian heavyweight, Pierre Charles. Uraldo and Charles are hard at work at Wilson's Orangebury camp, one of the finest in America. Eastern boxers talk of Wilson's camp as the ideal one to get in trim for important fights. Fighters seeking good quarters should go to Wilson Orangeburg camp. The food is excellent and training conditions are fine.

FRANK FLOURNOY, who, for a time, was matchmaker for the old Madison Square Garden, is in the game. Flournoy is the New York representative of "Irish" Bobby Brady, hard-hitting Jersey featherweight.

George Hoffman, of Yorkville, and Lou Barba, Greenwich Village, New York's two heavyweight representatives, battled to a draw at the Olympia, in Harlem. The warm weather kept the crowd down.

Mike McTigue has announced his retirement. In a recent comeback at the St. Nick Bold Michael whipped Paul Hoffman, the Hollander. On the same bill K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Babe McGorgary, while Bob Olin triumphed over Herman Riegels in four rounds.

Sam Stanley, a colored heavyweight, was stopped twice within three nights in one round and on top of that, was again kayoed by the State Athletic Commission for violating the four-day rule for preliminary gladiators.

The Olympia "new talent" show, with "Baby Face" Quintana meeting Long Sing Que in the final, drew $3,500. The Cuban scored over the Chinese warrior.

Tony Vaccarelli, Harlem welterweight, and Manager Joe Malone finally separated after being together for six years and two months, during which time the Italian's earnings in the ring amounted to something like $60,000. Tony asked for his release and Malone acquiesced.

Billy Stribling, the Georgia Peach, underwent a tonsilitis operation a short time ago. "Pa" sends word that W. L.'s right hand is O. K. again and the

Southerner will be ready to return to ring warfare shortly.

Jimmy Slavin, National Guard featherweight champion, showed himself to be a real title holder when he again knocked out Benny Nabors in three rounds in their return championship duel at the 22nd Regiment Engineer's Armory. Slavin is well worth watching.

Oscar Goldman, promising local featherweight, boxed two four-round draws within a space of three nights, but is was legitimate, as one was a postponed affair. He finished even with Rocco Vigna at the Ridgewood Grove and fared the same way against Jack Rudko.

Leo (One Punch) Williams, Peppey Dallas, colored lightheavyweight, stopped Nando Tassi, Italian warrior, in a round at the New Broadway Arena, in Brooklyn, and then the club was suspended for the balance of the season for failure to make good on four violations. The previous week the New Broadway couldn't run because Tassi was under suspension.

Mike McTigue's find, Max Simon, Harlem heavyweight, won his first ring skirmish when he put the skids under Chuck Henderson, hailing from Rochester, in 1 minute and 49 seconds.

Mary Postal's 106th Infantry Armory, at Bedford and Atlantic Avenues, in Brooklyn, continues to jam them in on Friday nights. Louis (Kid) Danetti, Joe Curry and Frankie Albano are three of the favorites at that particular arena.

Back in the early 90's there was a tough young bantamweight named Johnny Van Heest. He never was a champion, but had a large following because he was always kept fighting and his poison poke made him dangerous as long as he was on his feet. A good story of Van Heest's punching power was once told by George Siddons, who met defeat at "the dwarf's" hands. "He came at me," said Siddons, "and, getting in on me, would say, 'Dats de way Jackson hits.' Again he would land, and, falling short, would say, 'Dat's one of yours.' 'Here's one from Fitzsimmons' left,' he would cry, jolting my head almost off my shoulders. 'Here's one of Sullivan's righters,' and in on the ribs he would crush with the force of a sledge. Every time he got in I felt my teeth rattle. Finally in the last round, his face beaming with smiles, he shouted: 'Dis is one o' Van Heest's. He swished that long, reachy right hand about and landed it full on my heart. When I came to they told me that I had lost the fight."

MESSRS. Farley, Muldoon and Brower, capable guardians of matters pugilistic in the Empire State, have started a new drive in the hopes of eradicating another evil that has existed as far back as the time when the boys first fought with boxing gloves instead of skin-tight gloves or with bare knuckles. That is they will not stand for stars of fistiana going out of town to meet "suckers," or "pushovers," as the triumvirate calls 'em.

Workout affairs will be considered in the same category as fights participated in by boxers who have their own handy sparring mates for opponents. Indefinite suspension and revocation of license will follow any future cases where a headliner is shown to have met an easy mark in actual combat.

As an aftermath of the Max Schmeling managerial muddle, the Board also adopted a rule that "no boxer entering the State of New York from a foreign country will be permitted to engage the services of a manager without the consent and approval of the Commission and no manager entering the State of New York from a foreign land with contracts to manage foreign boxers, will be permitted to assign any part of parts of his interest in the management of foreign boxers without the consent and approval of the Commission."

In the future, all fight managers are required to fill out a printed form showing the amount of money received for the services of their protege, how much the boxer has coming to him, the manager's cut and an itemized list of expenses incurred in the fight. This is expected to do away with many unpleasantries that crop up between fighter and manager over the division of a purse.

The Newark Velodrome inaugurated the 1929 outdoor season in the East with a carnival held on the night of May 22. Vince Dundee, brother of the welterweight champion, and Pal Silvers, of Brownsville, were the finalists. A big turnout witnessed the show. Dundee was given the decision.

Lou Brix received a communique from Louis Bouey from Paris that he was sailing on May 29 with the Sheckles brothers, Arturo and Armando, for Havana, Cuba, where he has been booked for ring engagements. While abroad Artur boxed a draw with Archie Sexton in London and then defeated him in a subsequent scrap in Paris. Armando, in his lone appearance, was outpointed by Benny Valger.

George Courtney, Oklahoma Cowboy, on top of his two-round knockout over Tom Kirby, came through with another kayo victory when he stopped Babe McGorgary, Leo P. Flynn's tough 'un, in six rounds at Tulsa, Okla.

Victorio Campolo, conqueror of Roberto Roberti, is the latest foreign heavyweight threat to head for the good old U. S. A. The Buenos Ayres Behemoth had been expected over here a year or more back, but for some reason postponed his trip until this time.

Floyd Fitzsimmons, Western promoter and pal of Jack Dempsey's, broke the news in Gotham recently that he had booked Joe Dundee, welterweight champion, to meet Jackie Fields, California Hebrew, in a ten-round decision scrap in Detroit some time in July. "Fitz" added it would be an indoor affair in a new club being erected especially for sports.

JACK DEMPSEY is preparing for an active summer. Despite the fact that he has not cornered any of the big fights, Jack is confident he will have several big attractions before the summer is over. Jack aptly remarks: "There are no big cards. Besides the Schmeling-Paulino bout, what real attractions are there?" We know of one Jack—get back into the game yourself. You'll be the biggest attraction in the game.

That Jack Dempsey is the fans' idol is evident by the great reception he receives every time he attends a fight in the Garden. The boys won't let the show go on until Jack makes his bow.

Yale Okun, Ghetto lightheavyweight, became a benedict and then decided the best way to spend a honeymoon was to travel to the Coast and pick up expenses working at his trade. Okun therefore took Ray Arcel, popular trainer, along with him to get him in shape for a mixup with Leo Lomski, the Aberdeen favorite.

Ed McRedmond, who has been handling Nick Testo, Troy welterweight for quite a while, recently took another Troy boy under his wing. He is Frankie LaFay, a lightweight. LaFay has been displaying some of his old-time form in his first engagements under Manager McRedmond.

Leo P. Flynn's galaxy of ring stars are pretty well scattered. Dave Shade, middleweight, is doing well down in Buenos Aires, and Lew Paluso, who is with Shade, is likewise making out O. K. in Luis Firpo's territory. Newsboy Brown, who has been performing on the Coast since last November, is ready to hop East again as soon as Leo P. sends him the word.

Flynn's Tiger Jack Payne, who has been on the shelf, is about ready for a new campaign. Emil Paluso, brother of Lew, who underwent an operation to remedy an injury to one of his eyes suffered in a contest with Peter Sarron, also expects to again get busy soon. Leo P. is also busy touting Hale Brown, a lightheavyweight.

Jack Renault, Canadian heavyweight, and Benny Touchstone, local Behemoth, both started new campaigns under new managers the same night. It was at the St. Nicholas Arena, Renault losing on a foul in the last twenty seconds of a ten-round go with George La Rocco, while Touchstone was given the "duke" over George Neron.

Charley Goldman, bantam star of another era, hops into town regularly to watch the fights. Goldman, ever since he suffered a nervous breakdown, has been making his headquarters at O'Malley's Hotel, Orange Lake, New York.

Joe Barbara, New York junior lightweight, turned in a real neat exhibition in scoring a six-round victory over George Goldberg, the Harry Albert's protege, at the New Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, in Brooklyn. On the same bill Artie DeLuca, Brooklyn lightweight, won his first main event via the foul route over Al (Rube) Goldberg. It was all DeLuca up to the time of the disqualification.

Dapper Joe McKenna expects to keep Tommy Lown, who was amateur welterweight champion for four years, busy during the open-air season. In his last appearance, Lown, the singing warrior, was given a six-round decision over Milton Jampole in the New Garden.

Jackie Cohen, Brooklyn's satisfactory featherweight, is again going great guns. Jackie always gives the fans a good run for their money. He has victories to his credit over Davey Abad, Leo (Kid) Roy, Sammy Shack, Joe Barbara, Tony Pellegrino, Wilbur Cohen and others. Georgie Sheppard is Cohen's mentor.

While Billy Stribling is temporarily on the shelf, Baby, younger brother of W. L., is busy making hay. Herbert is said to be a mighty good prospect and expects to be in there one of these days battling for the junior welterweight crown.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By R. L. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Angus Snyder outpointed Big Boy Peterson in ten rounds of furious fighting. Buck Weaver knocked out Hoots Burger in six. Buster Martin knocked out Armando Shoemaker in six. Dempsey Moore defeated Buck Easterling in the opening ten rounder.

Abilene, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer knocked out Les McDaniels in the fourth round. Jackie Layman won from Pitts McCulley in the eight-round semi-windup.

Beloit, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer lost on a foul in the fifth round to Don Deegan. Russell Sanders and Donald Weir fought a six-round draw. Kid Miller defeated Young Boughen in six. George Sanders and Bob Prather fought an eight-round draw.

Joplin, Mo.—Billy Atkinson, middleweight battler of Scammon, Kans., upset the dope when he knocked out Young Jack Dillon in the fifth round. Tommy Maroon beat Flash Ramsey in eight rounds. Steve Ketchell defeated Steve Salina in eight hard rounds. Roy Wilson stopped Kid Watkins in the first round of the opening bout.

West Tulsa, Okla.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer and Chick Rains fought ten rounds to a draw. Abie Cohen and Jackie Evans drew in a fast ten-round bout. Earl Mason won a six-round decision from Jack Eskridge. Glen Arrington knocked out Ross Smith in two.

Billy Atkinson, a real fighting middleweight of Scammon, is back in his old stride, winning with the regularity of old. Billy is in line for some good shots, due to his defeat of Larry Cappo and his recent knockouts of Montanna Tommy O'Brien and Young Jack Dillon.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mickey Cohen won a ten-round decision from Joe Rivers. Baby Stribling beat Joe Trabon in ten. Kid Carter knocked out George Dixon in one round. Jack Evans defeated Steve Aleshi in six.

Karl Applegate, promoter for the American Legion of Joplin, staged an amateur touranment which proved very successful. Good fights and a heavy turnout each night. It proved to be a very profitable venture for the organization.

Shawnee, Okla.—Hamp McNally won over Bobbie Vincent in ten fast rounds. Hamp recently lost a close decision to Clausine Vincent at Clinton, Okla.

Ft. Riley, Kans.—Wm. Carr, promoter at the Soldier Camp, will not stage any more fights until September. He intended matching Charley Cobb, the Texas welter, with Hamp McNally the latter part of May, but Cobb asked a prohibitive figure for his services to fight McNally, hence the match was called off.

St. Louis, Mo.—Davey Abad won seven out of ten rounds in his battle with Eddie (Cannon Ball) Martin. Mickey Gill was disqualified in the fifth round for holding Denver Kid. Chico Chisoneras beat Joe Lucas in ten.

Tiger Tedlock, lightheavy of Pittsburgh, is in training for a comeback. Tiger will be welcomed by the fans, as he is a real club fighter.

Tulsa, Okla.—George Courtney punished Babe McCorgary severely and won on a (T. K. O.) in five rounds. McCorgary failed to answer the bell for the sixth round, claiming a broken thumb. Well that he did, as no doubt George would have stopped him in his tracks within two more rounds. Paul Wangley gave Louis Avery a real shellacking in eight rounds. Young Darbey beat Red Skelly in four rounds.

Some very attractive fights are booked for the future among the heavies. Angus Snyder and Joe Lohman at Dodge City. Young Stribling and Babe Hunt at Wichita, and Frankie Wine and Angus Snyder at Joplin, Mo.

BOXING IN PORTO RICO
My MIKE SANTIN

THE biggest fight this month was the Sabatino-Civilles battle at the San Juan Stadium. The fight received much ballyhoo, and people from all over the Island flocked to see the two boys, who have an established reputation as hard punchers. The fight was awarded to Sabatino.

Nick Palmer, middleweight champion of the New York National Guard, came to P. R. in the beginning of May, and a week after being here he took on Benny Burns of Akron, Ohio, stopping the Akronite in the ninth round.

Koli-Kolo, bantamweight champion of Porto Rico, has scored three decisive wins during the month, which stamp him as a real champ. After winning the title from Tony Villa, Koli-Kolo took on Wildcat Catalino Tappining, the laughing Filipino, and stopped him in three rounds. Then the champ took on Student Stanley Sheppard and won. His most surprising victory followed when he put the skids under Carlos Flores (Cacrico), one of our best feathers, in the seventh round.

Felipe Curuneau, flashy Cuban junior welterweight, trounced Alejandro Villanueva of Utuado in a ten-round battle. The latter substituted for Pete Rivero of Tampa, who felt sick at the last moment.

Ramon Bordelies, holder of the Porto Rican record for the shortest K. O., lost on a foul to Lao Torres, who has also a neat string of kayoes, in the ninth round. The foul was purely accidental, for Bordelies was winning to the time of the foul.

Henry Chaff, who was quoted a 3 to 1 shot when he went in against Julio Andino, surprised the fans and experts by coming in behind the Wildcat Andino.

Eladio Ferrer, who has been coming along nicely in the past few weeks, beat Luis Ramires in eight rounds.

Many promising youngsters have risen during the past three months. Foremost among these are Nicolas Claudio, lightweight; Felipe Andrade, flyweight; Felix Marquez, flyweight; Julio Andino, featherweight, and Lao Torres, junior lightweight.

A record book of Porto Rican boxers has been edited by Carlos Garcia de la Noceda, Porto Rican sporting writer. It is a very good book, having the annual ratings and many other items of importance to Porto Rican boxing followers.

If you want to know anything about boxing here in the Island, write to Mike Santin, P. O. Box 455, Mayaguez, Porto Rico.

Heard and Seen In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

PROMOTER MIQUE MALLOY has the local boxing situation well in hand. Aside from promoting fistic shows at White City every other Wednesday night, Malloy has leased the Logan Square arena, the new fight bowl that seats 10,000. Mique will stage productions at the new arena on the north west side every Monday evening at popular prices of $1 to $5.

Malloy believes that the Logan Square arena is the best of its kind in this vicinity with the bowl probably located on the best location in Chicago. According to Mique, the furtherest seat from the ring in this new arena is only 100 feet, making possible for the fan in the $1 seat to have almost as good a view of the proceedings as the enthusiast in the higher priced chair.

In this open-hair arena at White City, Malloy can seat comfortably, 12,000 spectators. Mique plans to have the best fight cards obtainable for each of his punch bowls. He already has an option on the services of such boxers as Ernie Schaff, heavyweight; "Bushy" Graham, Utica, N. Y., bantamweight; Benny Bass, Philadelphia feather, and King Tut, Minneapolis lightweight, also Angus Snyder and Babe Hunt, heavyweights.

The large quantity apportionment of the "choose your own program" pamphlets to the ringworms attending shows at the Chicago Stadium has given Matchmaker Nate Lewis an intuition on exactly what local fans want to view. On one of President Paddy Harmon's most recent cards, Earl Mastro, Chicago featherweight, was featured in a bout opposite "Midget Mike" O'Dowd of Columbus, O. The popularity of Mastro was shown by the thousand or more folders that specified him.

LES MARRINER, former college heavyweight, after being on the shelf for about eight months, got back into ring action at Champaign, Ill., against Jack Lee of California. Marriner, who knocked out Lee, will have a few more tilts in the sticks before making his bow in a Chicago arena. Dave Barry refereed the Marriner-Lee scrap.

"South Side" Jack O'Keefe makes an announcement to effect that his 118-pounder, Jackie Stewart, won all but a pair of combats in two and one-half years. And one of the boys who defeated Stewart is Earl Mastro. The latter K. O.'d Jackie in three frames.

Eddie Ballatin, north side welterweight is training at Barry's gym for his next encounter following his victory over "Baby" Stribling.

K. O. White, Barney Abel's middleweight, is in San Francisco where Barney has turned his charge over to Tim McGrath for a coast campaign.

Harry Fierro, Johnny Burns and Harry Dublinsky are just some of the boys who show their pugilistic wares to loop gymnasium devotees daily.

Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D. lightweight, one of the most colorful battlers in the game today, received another chance to break into the circle of 135-pound challengers to Sammy Mandell's bauble when he met Ray Miller at Detroit.

Young Zabish, Pittsburgh 140-pounder that local promoters wouldn't use bulletins from Johnstown, Pa., to the effect that he is going great guns in Pennsylvania rings. In one of his most recent contests, Zabish knocked out all Rammy of New York in the sixth frame of a ten-rounder.

Chicago fight bugs believe Al Foreman, holder of the Canadian 135-pound title, acquired the quickest kayo on record when he stopped Ruby Levine in one and one-half seconds of the first round at Montreal, April 25, 1928.

Zvonimir Matievich, Jugo Slavia heavyweight, is now making his home in this city under the management of Izzy Marks.

MUSHY CALLAHAN, junior welterweight boss, made an auspicious debut as a champion under the guidance of Jack Kearns when he K.O.'d "Dummy" Mahan in round No. 3 on the Pacific slope some days ago.

Joey Sangor, the Milwaukee ringster who left here on his European trip, was to meet Armand Emanuel in London and the two were to tour the old continent together for about four months. Sangor and Emanuel are close friends and have timed their trips abroad in order to be together.

Harry Dublinsky, local youngster, made his debut in the lightweight class opposite Harry Ferro of Philadelphia at Indianapolis. Harry has been boxing at 130 pounds, but this figure now is difficult for him.

"King" Levinsky, the Maxwell st. middleweight, is going great guns in his division. In one of his most recent efforts at the Chicago stadium, Levinsky knocked out Mickey Furey. According to word along the local fistic rialto, it was "King's" sixth knockout win in seven encounters.

Pal Moore is training every day at Howard's Arcade gym on West Madison st. The veteran 126-pounder is confident he can still give any of the present crop of ringsters a lively battle.

Word is wafted from Philadelphia that Phil Glassman, Quaker City pilot, has purchased Billy Wallace's contract.

Jackie Fields, Chicago welterweight challenger, and Champion Joe Dundee, will fight in an open-air bowl at Detroit, July 11, that will seat 35,000, according to Promoter Floyd Fitzsimmons. Although Dundee is the official title-holder of the 147-pound class, Chicago recognizes Jackie as champ because of his victory here over Young Jack Thompson, the colored lad who stopped Dundee in a non-title combat in this locality some time ago.

Patsy Pollock, Canadian welter, is in this city under the management of Eddie Stanton and Emil Klank.

W. H. Hodges, the Gary, Ind. sportsman, who owns and operates the Broadway gym, has put his home town on the fistic map by giving the fans attending his shows plenty of action, according to Bernard Kelly, former McKeesport citizen.

Word is forwarded from Gary, that Marshall Leech, ex-amateur champion; Young Terry McGovern, Pittsburgh battler; Georgie Stokes, Indiana featherweight, and "Kid" Brady, colored heavyweight, are going good in their respective divisions.

McGovern and Stokes were to fight some days ago for the right to be called boss of the 126-pounders in the Gary locality, while Mel Beckman and Buck Hammer, both of the latter city, will probably do likewise, later.

Steve Prepsky, Indiana Harbor flyweight, and Young Otto, Michigan City scrapper, are good cards in their respective localities, according to word received here.

MUSHY CALLAHAN was to reach the loop from Buffalo where he fought Jimmy Goodrich a few weeks ago, for several dates at the Stadium. Teddy Hayes, who is sitting in for Jack Kearns, brought word that Kearns' health, due to sinus trouble, is not so good.

Joe Corrado, Evanston, Ill., middleweight, is back in the roped square after being on the sidelines since last November. Corrado is a well-built youngster who has a good record. Joe has defeated such boys as "Gentleman Joe" Thomas, Harry Robarts and Gene McCue as well as Russell Buelick and George Heinenen.

Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute, Ind., featherweight, made his return ring bow against Goldie Hess at the Olympic auditorium in Los Angeles. Manager Eddie Long handled his charge.

Tommy Loughran, light heavyweight boss, was scheduled to meet Napoleon Dorval, the Pennsylvania heavyweight, at Philadelphia last month. Tom wanted this bout as a warm-up before his titular combat with James J. Braddock in July.

The Illinois boxing commission has announced that in the future the weighing-in time for ringmen will be at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. The first applies for contests to be staged in the afternoon and the latter for evening fistic productions. In the past the time for the scaling ceremonies were 10 and 2 o'clock.

Mills' stadium also will be the scene of wrestling bouts this summer. Promoters Joe Coffey and Doc Krone have leased the athletic field and will alternate in holding grappling matches during the outdoor season.

Tom Ford, manager of Hershie Wilson and Walter Madey, has occasion to type a letter to Leonard Sachs, Jack Dempsey's secretary. It is said, he signed it "from Chicago, the home of pineapples and machine guns." Further word stated that Sachs, in answering from New York, signed it "New York, the city of peace and quiet."

Mickey Lennon has a new 175-pounder in the person of Harry Minikel of Milwaukee. The latter made his bow under the management of Lennon against Art Malay.

George "Jabber" Young, old-time fighter and present referee, will soon open an outdoor training camp at Antioch, Ill., according to word along Randolph st.

Eddie Chaney, Pittsburgh 147-pounder, has been added to Bay Alvis' stable of ringsters.

"Silent" Jack Terney, veteran pilot, is back in Chicago after vacationing in Florida and New Orleans all winter.

Nessie Blumenthal and his scrapper, Ralph Mendoza, are in California where the former has his lightweight protege booked for several combats.

Young Stanley Ketchell is one of the latest out-of-town boxers to arrive in the loop. He has placed himself under the managerial wing of "Count Rasputin."

AL FOREMAN, Canadian lightweight champ, drew the largest attendance for any athletic event held in Canada when he knocked out Leo "Kid" Roy, for the title at the Forum in Montreal, according to Al Sweeney. The tilt drew 19,000 enthusiasts.

Promoter Roy Hall was to have Wilson meet an unannounced foe at the opening of the outdoor season at Kewanee, Ill.

Clyde Johnson, of the comic team of Olsen and Johnson, that appeared at the Palace theater here, formely battled as a light heavyweight on the Pacific slope.

Billy Light, St. Paul 150-pounder, is in San Francisco to go thru with some scheduled contests.

IN ROCHESTER

By ROCKY CONTI

MATCHMAKER ANSE CARROLL of the Rochester Sporting Club, hasn't been promoting any of his high-class shows in the past two months due to the weather, but will stage an all-star card on July 4th at the Baseball Park, which seats 30,000 people.

Joe Trippe, Rochester's leading lightweight, managed by Vince Pluncett of Buffalo, is now one of the best drawing cards in western New York State. He is matched to meet Johnny O'Keefe of Columbus, Ohio, on July 4th, for the club's first open-air show.

Osk Till, local middleweight champion, has been matched by his manager, Elmer Wiedrick, to meet Mickey Walker in a championship bout in Buffalo.

Ray Wolford, who a couple of years ago was a sensation in the heavy weight division, staged a comeback in Buffalo a few weeks ago. He stopped Russ Hummilick in two rounds. Wolford, who has only been boxing two years, has won 28 out of 32 bouts by the K. O. route.

Joey Manuel, local featherweight champion who recently gave Johnny Dundee a shellaching, is planning for a busy summer campaign. His manager is Elmer Wiedrick.

Angelo Feola, the fighting Kangaroo, who has won his last four bouts since coming under the writer's management, is soon to meet Honey Boy Shimar of Syracuse at Star Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mike Rago, local welterweight, who hasn't done any boxing since he underwent an operation a year ago, has been training daily at Ruby Cohen's Gym. He will start boxing in the near future.

Joe Stone, former New York junior welterweight, who recently boxed a draw with Joe Coffman of Buffalo, has been matched by the writer for three bouts in Winoski, Vt., during the month of July.

Managers and promoters seeking information regarding this territory should write to Rocky Conti, 745 North Street, Rochester, N. Y.

IN DETROIT AND VICINITY

By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOXING in Detroit is in a slump just at present. None of the big clubs have put on any shows, and no bouts of consequence were staged here, herein these few notes. However, I hope for a big boom next month and will make up with a batch of notes.

There are now four divisions in which the commission recognizes a champion. In the flyweight division, Franklin Young, remains supreme, Pete Firpo rules the banties, Roger Bernard is the boss of the junior lightweights, and Johnny Hoekstra was recently crowned champion of the 160 pounders.

Spark Plug Russell has been here for about four months now, and has only had one fight. In this he manhandled Benny Ray. All of the local lightweights steer clear of him. Why? Sparky has fought four champions, and is one of the best scrappers in the game.

Although Detroit is slumping in boxing, Jackson just keeps going along. Grand Rapids is a very good fight town with E. W. Dickerson doing the promoting.

Bucky Boyle sure is the hard luck guy. In his recent bout with Bruce Flowers, he was way ahead when he had the misfortune to sustain a broken leg.

Morrie Deitch is one lucky guy. Morrie is managing three fighters, and if one of them doesn't go to pugilistic heights, then I am sadly mistaken. Morrie has Ken Martindale, good light heavyweight, Butch

Kaplan, a young featherweight who has been cutting a wide swath in the ranks of Detroiters. Joe Miller promises.

Jimmy Smith, the elongated left jab artist can't see why he doesn't get more fights. Jimmy is a willing boy, but none of the leading welters will have anything to do with him.

Boxers managers and promoters—send me news for publication in The Ring. This is your magazine and we will gladly print timely news and gossip. This applies particularly to Jackson and Grand Rapids.
Send your news to Mickey McIntire, 1336 Spruce street, Detroit, Mich.

Although there was much talk about staging many good outdoor shows here this summer, so far little of any importance has been done.

Nat Fleischer's latest book, "Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana" received considerable praise from the Detroit sports writers. Harry Bullion, H. G. Salsinger and Frank McDonnell, think this thrilling story of Jack Dempsey's life is the best ever written on a boxing champion. If you haven't bought a copy, and you want hours of good reading with a heap of stirring pictures, get on the band wagon. Send for a copy of Nat Fleischer's Life of Dempsey. It costs only $2.00, and can be obtained at The Ring, 11 West 42nd street, New York City. Don't miss it.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

BEFORE this article appears in print the Fidel La Barba-Tommy Paulsetto bout will have taken place under Crescent A. C. auspices. The fight was the talk of the town. La Barba worked out at the Crescent A. C. gymnasium and showed that he is a past-master of hitting as well as scientific boxing.

Paul is the best bantam developed in these parts since Dynamic Dick Loadman flashed to the top of the 118 pounders, bearing losing out as a champion. Paul is not so strong and rugged as Loadman was but he is a better hitter and a faster boxer. The writer does not mean that Paul would have beaten Fighting Dick in a 12 or 15 round scrap. He probably wouldn't. But over the six round route it's going to be a difficult matter to get a bantam good enough to beat Tommy Paul.

Tommy has trimmed such good ones as Frankie Genaro, Emil Paluso, Ansell Bell, Frisco Grande and a host of others.

Personally the writer believes Paul would stand an excellent chance to knockout Chocolate. Tommy punches like a mule. Emil Paluso made no bones about saying that Paul hits harder than Chocolate. And Paluso ought to know. He fought 'em both.

The old favorites around here are rapidly passing out and next season fighters who are willing and can punch a little will find Buffalo a good spot to locate in.

Jimmy Slattery hasn't boxed since Jim Braddock hung a haymaker on his chin and if "Slats" fights again it won't be until Fall. He is now resting up and doing no training. Slattery will have to undergo a complete change if he ever expects to amount to anything pugilistically. He has been either badly advised or has himself to blame. Once upon a time young Slattery looked like an embryo champion but his sun will soon set if he doesn't brace up and get down to business.

Tommy Ryan, the former bantamweight contender, is now managing a string of boxers. Good fighters, with ambition, and having no managerial strings will do well to write to Ray Ryan at No. 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., AND VICINITY

By EDWARD ZANFRINI

ABIE BAIN of Newark, with a fifteen pound pull in the weights, scored a decisive victory over Georgie Ward of Cranford, in ten rounds at the Laurel Garden of Newark.

Joe Sherman, of Newark, boxing for the first time in six months, scored a clean cut victory over Jimmy Pisano of Union City in eight rounds.

Harry Martone, the Jersey City slugger, won the referee's decision over Sailor Lamb of Newark in the steller attraction of ten rounds at the Oakland Arena.

Paulie Sykes, of Jersey City, beat K. O. Raymond of Staten Island in the ten round semi-final.

Jeff Smith, of Bayonne, former contender for the middleweight crown, is now in business for himself. Jeff dropped a fortune in Florida real estate.

Tommie Galento, of Orange got the nod over Murray Gitlitz of New Haven in their ten round match at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

Moe Fisher, of Newark won a ten round bout over Midget Herman of Orange in the semi-final.

Willie Brown, won over Al Monahan of Philadelphia in an eight rounder, while Willie Roth disposed of Ed Jene in two heats and Charlie Thatcher displayed a lot of promise in beating Jerry Coronato in a "six."

Young Zazzarino, of Jersey City, continued his wining ways at the expense of Tony Pellegrino of New York, before a capacity crowd at the opening of the Bayonne Stadium. Several times during the contest "Zazzy" had his valiant opponent dizzy under a dazzling two-handed attack.

Matty Mario, of Staten Island, had an easy time in getting the referee's decision over Georgie Woods, of Bayonne in the ten round semi-final.

Murry Fuchs, of New York scored over Mickey Kelleher of Bayonne in eight rounds.

Frank Montagna, of Madison, turned the tables on his old rival, Gunboat Williams, and took a ten round decision over him at the Laurel Garden. Five knockdowns were scored during the contest, three by Montagna and two by Williams. It sure was a great fight.

Joe Mull, of Morristown shaped up like a sure winner in his fight with Jack Shaw of South Orange. For three rounds hit Jack with every thing but the water bucket, but in the fourth round Jack connected with a right to the solar plexus stretching Mull out for the full count.

Jimmy Deluca, of Newark was knocked out in the fifth and Lester Miller shaded Tony Corona in a "six."

After being idle for a period of eight months, Ralph "Roughy" Lenny, the olived-skinned junior lightweight idol of Hudson County, returned to the squared arena of the Oakland A. A. to score a sensational victory over Lou Brown's protege, Benny Martini. Both boys fought on even terms up to the third round when Lenny battered the New Yorker with vicious left hooks to the stomach, coupled with hard rights to the chin and floored him in the sixth for a short count. Throughout the remaining sessions, Martini tried gamely to make the lead away from the Jerseyite, but in vain.
To further impress the fans that the lay-off did not affect him, Lenny returned to the same locality eight days later to outpunch in ten rounds none other than Eddie Reilly, the Golden Glove luminary. Starting off in whirlwind manner, Reilly held more than his own during the first half of the fight only to give way to Lenny's sharp right hand uppercut and stinging left hooks to the body.

Showing occasional flashes of the form which carried him to the junior lightweight title a few years ago, Mike Ballerino, Bayonne battler, thumped his way to a decision over Murry Fuchs of New York at the Bayonne Stadium.

Freddie Krebs, Staten Island battler, furnished a big surprise by scoring a technical knockout over Arman Grillo of Spain in the fourth round.

Leo Mitchell, protege of Jack Kearns, was defeated by Ted Jackson of Bayonne in eight rounds. Young Johnny Toye of Bayonne halted Billy Wells in the fourth round.

Sam Cohen has a great prospect in Freddie Huber, "The Punching Fool" of North Bergen.

Vince Dundee, of Baltimore, gave Pal Silvers a boxing lesson in ten rounds at the Newark Velodrome.

Nick Abate, of Newark, showed a lot of improvement in beating Nat Arno also of Newark in the eight round semi-final.

Benny Levine of Newark, shaded Tony Lambert in another "eight" while Frank Willis stopped Harry Alberts of Scranton in the fourth round.

Jack De Mave and Herman Heller met at the West New York Playgrounds to decide who is the heavyweight champion of New Jersey, and after ten rounds of vicious fighting, De Mave was declared the winner.

Freddie Huber of North Bergen lost a close decision to Canada Lee of New York in another "ten."

Ralph Lenny, Union City's clever junior lightweight, beat Dominick Mastro of New York in ten rounds.

Harry Martone, of Jersey City, was awarded the verdict over Johnny Haystack in the main ten round bout at the Oakland A. A.

In the semi-final, Harry Carlton of Jersey City, scored a knockout over Giovanni Salerno, also of Jersey City, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten.

Freddie Caruso lost to Johnny McBride in a four, Sammy Serrio was defeated by Eddie Millsand. Mickey Marchitta had an edge over Sammy Rothstein.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By PAUL A. SEEGER

THREE clubs again in Miami with the Tuttle Roof certain to go under again as usual. Bobby Burke is putting on good shows and drawing good summer crowds at the Harvey Seeds Post. A. C. Slattery fired as matchmaker for the Coral Gables club.

They tell me Lee Collins, manager of the Bonecrushers' later known as the Stable of All Nations, will be the new matchmaker at that cub. For one, I hope Lee makes good and no reason why he should not. He knows the business and he has a good club to back him.

Slattery is trying to revive the club on the Tuttle Roof. This has always been a failure. Ed Douglas and Fred Douglas both made a flop of this place.
Hayes Armstrong will be in the north with his stable by the time this is written. Hayes ace is little Mutt Griffen, a nice kid and one of the best bantams in the south as some of these lads in the north will learn shortly.

No need of boxers coming down here before fall, as purses are small in summer. I'll bet the biggest gang of boxers ever to invade Florida will be here next winter, but the boys in the know who can deliver the goods will have plenty of work.

Space is small and my time limited this month so the rest of the column goes to our old friend "Tiny" Gasthoff. Here it is in brief.

WEST COAST NEWS

By "TINY" GASTHOFF

TAMPA—A bunch of young girls have organized a club and have put on several shows which have been well attended. I'll bet they make good. Several show real skill and several others are rapidly becoming expert sharpshooters.

Cuban Club, Tampa—Louis Gonzalez won over Johnny Carl in 10, welters; Mario Paula outpunched Kid Hisler, lightweights; Tony Dominguez slapped down Johnny Carlo in seven after having Carlo on the canvas several times, welters; Baby Lincoln kayoed Eddie Stewart in three, feathers.

Benjamin Field, Tampa—Relampazo Saguero got a T.K.O. over Johnny Northcutt after battering the latter unmercifully for eight rounds, Johnny was in bad shape, welters; Tommy Oglesby made a punching bag of Urbano Solero, but could not put away the tough Cuban; Battling Finch put away Bill Middlekauff, former University of Florida football star, in the fifth, light heavies; Brady O'Hara won in 10 from Joe Knight.

Cuban Club, Tampa—Joe Blanco punched Joe Miller silly for 10 rounds for an easy win in the featherweight eliminations here; Baby Camero won in a canter from Baby Lincoln, feathers; Albert Leon stopped Joe Blanco in seven after six knockdowns and moved up in the feather event; Merio Paula T.K.O. over Kid Hisler in four.

Jacksonville—Lew Carpenter won a slow 10-rounder from Texas Ranger. They have fought 'steen times with Lew always winning, usually by a kayo. Write Seeger, Lew. I want your address.

Lakeland—George Fleming won in a 10 from Kid Camero. Sunny Boy Howard kayoed Young Trulie in four.

St. Petersburg—The club here has closed down for the summer. Tommy Ryan will be on the job in the fall.

Max Abelson, former Tampa promoter has been named matchmaker of the American Legion club in Atlanta, Ga. The boys wish him all the luck in the world.

Lake Wales—Bobby Wilson scored a T.K.O. over Jimmy Cunningham in the third, both are lightweights. Joe Daniels won from Skeeter Barwick, welters.

All communications to this column address to Paul A. Seeger, 1537 N. W. 36th street, Miami, Fla. All dope must be in my hands by the 25th of the month preceding issue.

TRENTON FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THERE was but one boxing show here the last month, an all heavyweight show. All the bouts ended in knockouts. In the windup Jack Shaw of New York scored a K. O. over Vinko Jakasa of Jugoslavia in the sixth round. In the semi, Don Petrin scored a two-round K. O. over Hambone Williams, both of Newark. Thunderbolt Morgan of Newark knocked out Harry Alberts of Acraton in the sixth round. In the opening bout Lester Miller of Newark scored a four-round knockout over Tony Carona of Italy.

Taking the bout on at the last minute, Joe Reno, Trenton welter, staged a courageous though losing battle against his clever and hard-hitting rival, Baby Joe Gans of the west coast, at the St. Nicholas Arena at New York.

Young Terry, Trenton welter, scored an impressive win over his namesake Mickey Terry of New Brunswick. Trenton Terry scored two knockdowns over his rival.

According to newspaper clippings from Scranton Johnny Brennan, Trenton featherweight, was the victim of a fast count in his bout with Al Jackson of Dunmore, Pa. Brennan, who substituted, went down from a right to the chin in the eighth round, and arose prepared to fight on, but the referee declared he had already counted Brennan out, and awarded the bout to Jackson by a K. O. The promoter immediately got busy and remated the boys for a later show.

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

THE local classic between Jackie Johnstone and Bobby Eber, fought at the Toronto Coliseum, was one of the greatest bouts ever witnessed around these parts. Both boys, ex-champions in the bantamweight class, gave the fans a torrid ten-round tilt, which ended in a draw. Johnstone had a good margin at the halfway mark, after which Eber made a commendable rally.

The semi-final introduced a new flyweight in Doddy Oldfield, a smart little English battler, who gave his opponent, Harry Goldstein of Boston a nice-sized licking in their six rounder. The bout was a "wow."

Chris Newton, veteran Toronto thumper and ex-lightweight champion of the Dominion, gave Tommy Mitchell somewhat of a licking in a six-round prelim.

"Wee Wullie" Ferguson, a "bra' mon" from Bobby Burns camping grounds, opened the show with a six-round verdict over Ernie Taylor.

"Toledo," the well-known Oshawa sportsman, has a very good-looking flyweight prospect to tow, Scotty Adair. Adair will make his pro debut soon.

Halifax promoters staged one of their periodical bouts and featured Joe Hartnett, local boy, and Johnny Nemis of Glace Bay. Hartnett was far too good for the Cape Bretoner, winning eight of the ten rounds.

Hughie Kid Lees, western welterweight, made his eastern debut with a knockout win over Jock McGregor. Lees, over-anxious to make good in the opening rounds, missed many opportunities. Lees is a real good welterweight prospect. He is a game battler and a terrific puncher.

Bobby Clary, of Buffalo, finished a poor second to Frankie "Red" Edgerton. The latter, a cool, clever, aggressive little battler, gave Bobby a pretty fair walloping.

A real gory battle was witnessed when Bobby Booth of Toronto and Jimmy Dawson of Jamestown clashed. Booth sustained a bady cut head, which bled profusely. Dawson got the award.

Billy Ayrton of Winnipeg was having quite a battle on his hands with Clovis Durand, when he was suddenly floored in the first minute. Ayrton got up fighting, and in a medley of exchanges he shot a terrific right to Durand's chin. The latter went down. He evidently missed the count, for on rising after being counted out he tore into the Winnipeg boy, and they battled furiously until Referee Marsh pulled them apart.

Benny Stockley, former Hamilton boy, is the proud owner of one of the best gymnasiums on the continent, the Premier School of Physical Culture. Benny is located at 265 Danforth Ave. He gets a big play from sportdom.

It is said that several prominent Ottawa men are figuring to put on some boxing shows at the Auditorium this summer. Ottawa is a mighty good city and the fans of that part have contributed some big houses in the past.

The recent Bellanger-Hill flyweight battle was certainly a great and thrilling battle. The boys certainly made the "fur fly."

At Alex Moore's show at the Forum, Montreal, Elzear Rioux, giant French-Canadian lumberjack, beat Rosey Boutot. Rioux weighed 202½; Boutot, 208½.

Arthur Roger, hard-socking little Montrealer, staggered the crowd when he lit into Johnny Vacca of Boston, landed a hard right to Johnny's chin which dropped him for "nine." When Vacca arose Roger dropped him for the "count" just before the end of the round.

On the same card Tommy Bragan of Toronto earned a draw with Edwouard Payracyde of the Argentine. Harry Hill, flyweight champion of the Dominion, won over Joey Eulo, and Joe Brown and Joe Salina fought a draw.

Charlie Bellanger of Winnipeg went back to his home town and knocked out Jack Lee of Los Angeles in the final round of their ten-round bout. Laurie Peppin, rugged Winnipeg middleweight, won over Johnny Kearns in ten rounds in a rough battle, and Tommy Hood, formerly of England, won the decision over Danny Le Clair in ten rounds.

Winnipeg will probably have some good outdoor shows this summer under the promotion of Jack Cancilla. As we send these notes in Cancilla has just closed a ten-round battle, featuring Larry Gains, Canadian heavyweight champion, with Tom Pivac.

Frankie "Red" Edgerton, Toronto flyweight, is a mighty good-looking prospect. He is a fiery little fighter who can box as well as fight. He should make a dandy box-office attraction for Toronto.

Tom Goodman, well-known colored trainer of boxers and athletes, friend of Sam Langford, is now located in Toronto. Goodman has had a world of experience with boxers.

Steve Rocco, the bouncing Toronto flyweight, showed the way home to Joey Eulo of New York.

Alex Moore, astute little Montreal promoter, offered Jack Dempsey a "meagre" $250,000 to box Elzear Rioux this summer in Montreal, but the ex-champion refused.

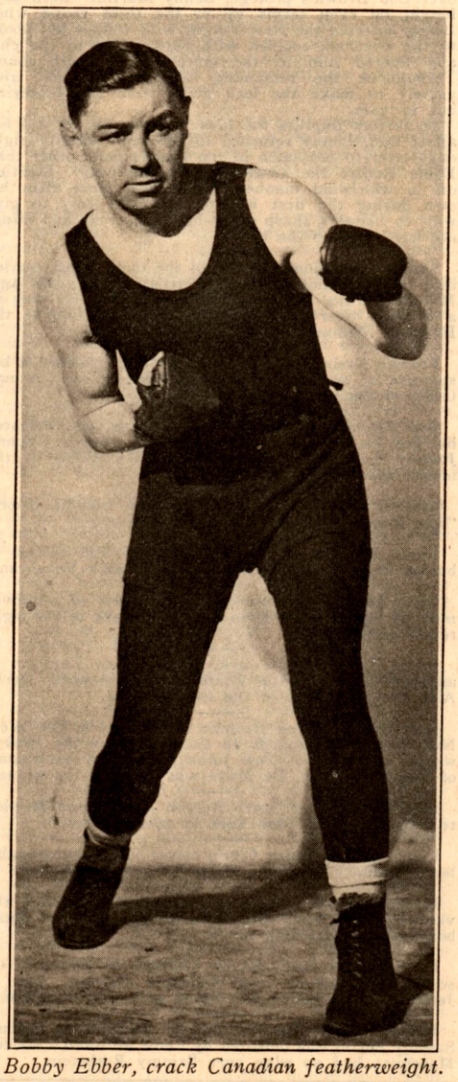
Playfair Brown, Toronto matchmaker of the Shamrock Club, announced that he had closed for a ten round bout to be held at the Maple Leaf Stadium, Toronto, between the sensational Kid Chocolate, the clouting Cuban, and Jackie Johnstone.

Seven thousand people trailed into the Forum, Montreal, and saw one of their idols, and a great prospect in the pugilistic ranks, forced to lower his colors to Pete Sanstol, the Norwegian Cyclone. Arthur Roger, hard-punching, promising little boxer, stepped a wee bit out of his class when he attempted to knock off the battling blond. Roger's seconds tossed in the sponge in the eighth.

Larry Gains, heavyweight champion of Canada, has an offer of three bouts in Germany. The clever colored boxer finds it hard to get opponents around here.

For the third time in his professional career, "Frenchy" Bellanger regained his place on the Dominion flyweight throne from Hill. Hill outpointed Bellanger in Montreal, but he could not hold on to the title long, as in the return match Bellanger, with the championship at stake, beat his rival.

The end came in the sixth, when a terrific right buried the Montreal boy in the resin. Hill made frantic attempts to get up and was on his feet at "eight," but the towel from his chief second had flown in. Hill got a tremendous hand for his gameness, but he made a big mistake when he elected stand toe to toe with Bellanger.



Bobby Ebber, crack Canadian featherweight.

Playfair Brown, matchmaker of the Shamrock Club, Toronto, is lining up some good outdoor attractions.

Joe Villeneuve, the Canadian bantamweight champion, manages to hold on to the bantam crown. In his last bout at Quebec he was held to a draw against "Baby Face" O'Connell of Montreal in ten rounds. The challenger outboxed the champ, but the latter scored impressively at infighting to break even.

The Canadian Hockey Club entered the fistic realms with a ten-round feature between Phil McGraw and Sylvia Myreault, the latter substituting for Al Foreman, who sustained an injury while training. McGraw won. Art Giroux, the battling little Montreal flyweight, who holds a decision over Frankie Genaro, scored over Frisco Grandte in the semi-final. Bobby Leitham won over Art Gagnon, and Barney O'Connell took the verdict over L. Gariey in the curtain-raiser.

Charlie Bellanger, the Canadian lightheavyweight champion, traveled over to Portland, Ore., and punched out a win over K. O. White, Chicago negro, in ten rounds.

Jack Reddick, former Canadian champion, is now a promoter in Moose Jaw.

Gene Brosseau, former middleweight champion of Canada, is the matchmaker for the Canadian Hockey Club, who will run boxing shows this summer. The game looks very promising in the Quebec capital for the next few months.

Jackie Phillips, smart Toronto welterweight, will soon be seen in Toronto rings. This likeable young fellow has been boxing very successfully around New York rings, but received an injury to his spine. He has been in Toronto for some time and eager to box on a local card.

HALIFAX CROSS COUNTERS

By VERNER A. BOWER

THE biggest break in the Nova Scotian Boxing News of the year came on May 9 when Joe Jacobs walked into the Herald o..ce and announced that Max Schmeling, the German Dempsey, was docking on the Hamburg American liner "Reliance" in the morning. I was down at the dock early in the morning and when the liner docked went aboard and interviewed him for the Star. Schmeling was in a smiling mood and looked like a million dollars.

Joe Hartnett, the Halifax Sensation, won over Johnny Nemis, the Cape Breton battler, at the new Arena in the opening bout of the Halifax Professional Card for the year.

Eddie Bows of New York met his Waterloo when he undertook to put away Joe Harnette in the second card of the Halifax Professional Season. Harnette took the New York boxer out for a licking.

In the Amateurs, managed by Capt. Cody, a good show was put on early in the month with all the old favorites and a number of new fighters from the Ice Patrol Cutter Modoc. The locals, however, outclassed the visitors. Among those winning their bouts were Gunner Dixon, R. C. R.; Seaman Doeran, R. C. N.; MacNeil; Rizzer.

Prosper, the gallant little St. Pats fighter, also lost a second fight to Petrie of the Fire Fighters in a return match. This was the "Kid's second defeat this year by the same fellow.

The final amateur meet of the month, held on May 22, was more or less disappointing. Gunner Dixon, the Canadian Army Flash, who holds the light heavyweight amateur championship of the Garrison, amateur Nova Scotia light heavyweight championship, and championship of Halifax Army and Navy forces, lost to a chap named Brown. Brown, after being knocked clear of the ring, and down for the count of seven, came up and wrestled Dixon down in the corner and sat on him. Dixon was unable to get up and was counted out. The referee maintained Dixon was K. O., but the decision was unpopular.

Carmichael defeated Jollimere; Petrie defeated Egan; Stevens of R. C. R. defeated Turner of Ice Patrol Tampa.

MacNeil, popular fighter, won the referee's decision over Doherty. MacNeil is showing excellent ability in the last few months and would do well in the professional ring.

Allan won a T. K. O. over Callow of Montreal; Ainsworth K. O. Scottie; and Baker K. O. Muladoc early in the first round of their bout.

Roy Chisholm, one-time Maritime boxer extraordinary, who has now abandoned the square circle, is reappearing as the third man in the ring.

MOOSEJAW NOTES

By JACK HART

BOXING in Moosejaw got a bad break when the bout between Kid Wilson and Del Fontaine, middleweight champion of Canada, was called off. The fight fans were deeply disappointed.

At Regina, Laurie Peppin got the decision over Wild Bill Cox.

Curey Mack of Yorkton was stopped by Frankie Ryan of Winnepeg.

Danny LeClair handed a nice beating to Al Lees of Yorkton. LaClair just played with Lees and knocked him out in the second round.

Al Weyburn, Amby Gregg, made young Runcun of Moosejaw step some to gain a close decision.

Laurie Peppen lost the decision to Herman Ratzan of North Dakota. Wild Bill Cox gained the decision over Eddie Millar in eight rounds.

Bobby Ebber, former Canadian bantamweight champion, will appear here soon in a bout to be promoted by Barney Coran of Moosejaw.

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOXING is flourishing as never before in Montreal with weekly attractions being presented at the Forum for the last two months. Alex Moore, as hustling and aggressive as ever, staged two shows in April and three in May, adding to his bankroll, although losing $3,500 on May 29th with the Heeney-Rioux heavyweight fiasco. It is not likely that the big fellows will be featured here again unless Jack Dempsey goes through with his announcement of promoting at the Stadium on July 4 with George Godfrey in the headliner.

Gene Brosseau presented the initial program of the Canadian Hockey Club on May 22nd and good fights were the order. Gene had Phil McGraw lined up with Al Foreman, but, due to the latter's withdrawal owing to bad hands, he substituted Sylvio Mireault, claimant of the Canadian junior lightweight title. Phil did a Joe Grim in the early rounds, attracting the leather to his chin to show his catching ability, and then speeded up and punched the local boy around enough to cop the nod.

Arthur Giroux exhibited courage, class, and punching power in beating Frisco Grande, in the eight-round semi-windup. The Montreal flyweight star was out on his feet in the first round from a terrific right cross to the jaw, but kept forcing cleverly and was punching the Buffalo Cuban full of holes in the final rounds.

Bobby Leitham was far too classy for Art Gagner in another eight-rounder Smothering Gagner under a constant shower of leather, Bobby gave a great display of speed and science and proved that he is ready for the bantam topnotchers.

In the six-round opener, Barney O'Connell, boxing under wraps with a ten-round main event with Hugh Devine pending the next night, outclassed Young Cariepy with his smart counters. George Ash, though having an edge with his two-fisted aggressiveness, drew with Gene Deschamps.

Elzear Rioux, managed by "Doc" Gadbois, gained the verdict over Rosaire Boutot in ten rounds.

Harry Hill was too smart for Joey Eulo of New York in the eight-round semi-final and won the award after teaching him a boxing lesson. The next week Hill went to Toronto and was knocked from his Canadian flyweight title in six rounds by Frenchy Belanger, from whom he had snared the crown a few weeks previously. Harry is home in England now.

Art Roger knocked the dope sheet and Johnny Vacca for a loop in the first of a scheduled eight-round battle. Ed Peyracde, Argentine Sheik, was held to a draw by Red Bragan, Toronto welter.

Joe Brown, formerly of St. Paul and pupil of the great Gibbons brothers, Tom and Mike, displayed plenty of class when he left-jabbed Joe Calinio, New York, for eight rounds, but gained only a draw.

Pete Sanstal monkeyed with Art Roger for a few rounds and then proceeded to batter him to sleep in eight of ten scheduled heats. Roger was always dangerous with his highly explosive TNT, and plenty game, too, but no match for Lew Burston's classy Norwegian.

Steve Rocco, Toronto flyweight, pasted Joey Eulo, New York, in the semi-final eight. Johnny Vacca and Nick De Salvo treated the fans to a whale of a battle in their eight-round performance. Ted Cossette, Montreal, signified his comeback by lacing Tommy Mitchell, Toronto lightie. Harry Smith showed poor form in his losing bout against Emil Rossi, smart New York welter, in the opening six-rounder.

Jack Dempsey was introduced and made a speech, with the whole house in wild acclaim.

Gene Brosseau should be commended for placing local boys on his first card and the youngsters did their bit by putting up great scraps. Gene will stage bouts under the auspices of the Canadian Hockey Club. He is likely to bring McGraw and Foreman together with the winner to meet Sammy Mandell for his title here later in the summer. The writer rates Foreman as the hardest hitting lightweight in the ring today.

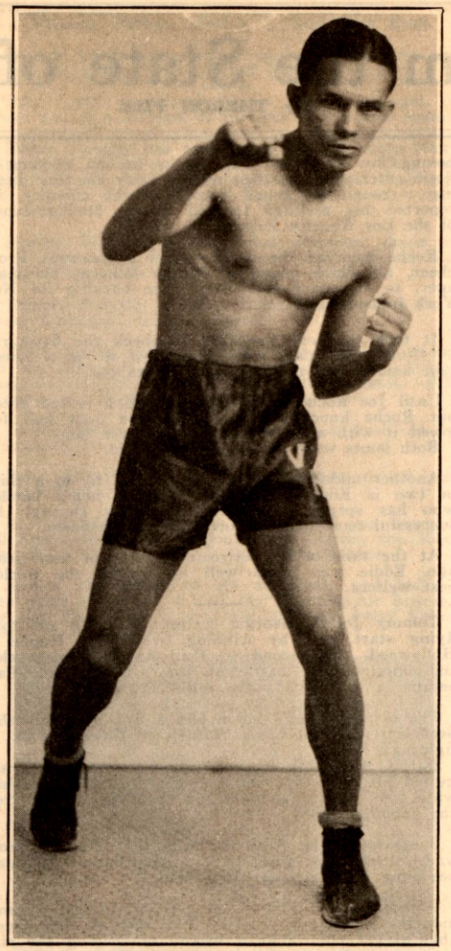
Jack Rogers will soon be putting on his fistic attractions in Quebec City, where he staged some great bouts last year. Rogers paired his battlers to make good fights.

It looks as though both Jack Delaney and Armand Vincent have backed out on their plans to promote here this summer. However, Brosseau and Moore can supply all the action wanted.

Battling Sig Tracey marked up another victory when he beat Pat Rousseau in Quebec. Jimmie McKimmie has a great prospect in his rugged light-heavy star. Eddie Carroll, classy local welter, chalked up two more victories recently. Tommy Sullivan came back from California with a healthy tan, and is again busy considering offers to turn "pro." Tommy is the best amateur welterweight in Canada.

Tom Heeney beat Elzear Rioux on a foul. Rioux struck several low blows before he was disqualified in the eighth by the referee, Kid McPartland, who made a favorable impression with the fans by his efficient handling of the bout.

Joe Brown, clever local middleweight, outboxed Ray Still, New York, in the best fight of the evening. Brown's shifty, smooth style and rapier left jabs nullified the determined efforts of the rushing, slugging New Yorker, but the judges thought a draw would do. Rosy Boutot, local strong boy, knocked out Rocky Knight, negro heavy, in a comical bout that lasted three rounds, which was plenty.



Vincent Hambright, junior welter champion of Cincinnati. A great club fighter and good crowd pleaser.

Nick De Salvo knew too much for Joey Williams, New Bedford, Mass., in six heats. Ted Cossette knocked out a set-up, Joe Veniot from New Brunswick, in a couple of stanzas. Ed. Ouellette, former local amateur, knocked the skids from under Owens Redfeather, an Indian featherweight, in three frames of the scheduled six-round opener.

IN LOUISVILLE AND VICINITY
By PAUL WARNER

THE big event of the month was the Derby evening card at Louisville, consisting of three ten-round bouts. In the first, Cecil Payne of Louisville won on a technical knockout over Joe Pagilina in the seventh round. The second bout found Jackie Dugan too strong for Harry Dublinsky of Chicago. In the main event Earl Mastro, the Chicago Flash, proved too much for Babe Ruth. Mastro looked to the writer to be the fastest boy he ever saw in this vicinity.

Howard McLain added several to his growing list of victims, "Six Seconds" Smith for the second time; Herb. Anderson of Kokomo and Vic Ross of Cincinnati. McLain lost a close decision to Jack McCarthy of Chicago in the main event at Davenport, Iowa.

Kid Lewis, junior lightweight of this vicinity, beat Cy DeWiggins of Shelbyville, Ind., and knocked out Dick Williams of Salem, Ind. This youngster Lewis is a real crowd-pleaser.

Red Ferguson of Jeffersonville and Pug Saw of Greenwood fought a sizzling draw on the main event at Franklin, Ind.

Willie Cecil has been a busy boy for the last two months. Willie always works hard and pleases the crowds.

Ray Meeks secured a T. K. O. over Ed Hammond at Louisville when Eddie's hand was fractured in fourth round.

Amateurs are going good at Swiss Hall under the able guidance of Jimmy Dell.

Howard McLain complains of lack of work. Well, I cannot blame the boys. McLain is a tough boy.

Tuck Wenning has started training again. This boy has had several bad breaks, but can give a good account of himself against most of the best 112-pounders in the country.

Elmer Lang knocked out Joe Durbin in three rounds on Derby Day card.

IOWA-NEBRASKA
By BOB WAGNER

TOMMY GROGAN knocked out Johnny Mello of Detroit in six rounds at Omaha. Grogan had things his own way all through the fight.

Harold Mathews, sensational flyweight of Lincoln, Neb., knocked out Flash Random of Kansas City in the fifth round.

Slim Crayshee, hard-punching welterweight, and Kid Spargo boxed ten great rounds at Mason City, Iowa, with Crayshee getting the decision. Both are Mason City boys.

Pinkey George, promoter at Mason City, has been showing to capacity houses. George would like to hear from managers of good boxers.

Harold Plude, Des Moines junior lightweight, and Henry Falegano, Filipino featherweight, boxed a draw in the six-round main event at Riverview Park, Des Moines.

Eddie Anderson, Wyoming's fighting "cowboy," beat Tony Legouri of Des Moines in ten fast rounds at Des Moines, Iowa.

Sargent Ray McPeck of Chicago upset the dope by knocking out Joe Thomas, Oelwein, Iowa, middleweight, in the third round of their ten-round fight at Des Moines. McPeck had Thomas on the floor five times.

Sargent Ray McPeck and Joey Phaelan are hard-punching fighters in this locality.

Louie Mays, southpaw middleweight of Des Moines, knocked out Speedy Sparks, of Oklahoma, in the second round at Riverview Park, Des Moines.

Kenneth Hunt, Iowa light heavyweight, and Calmes Baxter, of Oklahoma City, boxed a draw in six rounds at Des Moines, Iowa.

Leo Zwack, Sioux City light heavyweight, knocked out Kenneth Hunt of Des Moines in the seventh round at Sioux City, Iowa.

Tommy Carrullo, hard-punching Kansas City featherweight, won from Pat Sweeney of St. Paul in the fourth round at Des Moines, Iowa.

Simon Kalis and Frankie Ghetto, both popular managers of Kansas City, have formed a partnership. They are handling the affairs of Larry Cappo, welterweight, Tommy Carrullo, featherweight, Walter Rich, heavyweight, and other Kansas City boxers.

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News From the State of California

By THERON FISK

JIMMY and "Pop" paid us a little visit, the first in two years—sure, and they are the same quaint old pair.

"Just shopping around a bit," said Foster, and the twinkle in his eye told the rest of the story. Jimmy McLarnin has the inside track in the race for a title shot with Joe Dundee.

Los Angeles will always remember McLarnin as the baby-faced urchin who delighted at Jack Doyle's old Vernon club. Jimmy has promised to come back again later and it's this old typewriter against a subway ride that he has Mr. Joe Dundee's crown packed away with glory.

Mutt and Jeff, or just a couple of young Jewish boys out to see Europe—no fights, just to see the sights and lots of 'em. Referring to Armand Emanuel, our heavyweight hope, and Joey Sangor.

Emanuel made the trip through the Panama Canal and teamed up with Sangor in London.

Sangor may never box again, but Emanuel may be making fight history in another year.

I believe present plans call for Papa Emanuel to back gracefully out of the picture and let Armand go it on his own after the toughening up excursion through the old country. New York, too, I believe is to be the scene of Emanuel's come-back effort.

Eastern friends of Frank Moran, popular chief inspector of our Boxing Commission and the man who for the first time has instilled confidence and democracy into that office, should be interested in a recent story which appeared in the Los Angeles Daily News by Bob Cronin, its sports editor.

According to Cronin, a great deal has transpired in the old world since that day, June 27, 1914, when Jack Johnson defended his title against Frank Moran in a twenty-round battle in Paris, which is to be the direct means of providing the money earned and now desired by the principals.

Neither Moran nor Johnson received a cent of their share of the gate. Johnson owed money in Chicago, arising from the wreck of his gilded cafe, "The Champion," and by means known only to lawyers, his creditors succeeded in attaching the entire receipts.

While Moran was employing barristers to pry his share of the purse loose from the hands of the authorities, the Parisian press screamed with the news of war. Events were steaming; France declared war on Germany. This was something vastly more important to consider than a writ of something or other to obtain boxing funds. Moran and Johnson were out in the cold as far as their money was concerned. They left France, Moran for home, Johnson for Spain, with the promise that the money would be forthcoming at the conclusion of the war.

Johnson's manager was a Frenchman named Henri Wolfe. Moran was handled by Dan McKettrick. Another Frenchman vitally interested in seeing the title fight made a success wa sLeon See, editor of the publication, Echo de Sports. Fortunately all have survived and through the desire of Leon See to see justice done the American contingent, an early adjustment is expected. However, it will be necessary for all four of the interested parties to be in Paris at the same time to present their cases and receive their money. Moran's share, based on the 1914 value of French money, would be about $44,000 in American gold.

There is yet another local person interested in the split-up and that is Tom Kennedy, whose salary as sparring partner for Moran came to $1,100 and guaranteed by McKettrick out of the purse.

An earlier adjustment of the matter might have been arranged, but for the enmity which cropped out between the parties concerned. Happily, however, all have buried the hatchet to act in unity in petitioning the French authorities for a distribution of their rightful money.

ACE HUDKINS made his annual appearance at Hollywood, the club which gave him his first chance, when he hit California in a battered down old flivver four years ago and the movies city management counted another capacity gate.

Hollywood thinks Ace the greatest fighter in the world and the Wildcat appreciates the fact that they gave him a tumble when he was just another fighter.

Roy Moore was selected to furnish this year's opposition against the Wildcat, but his efforts were so feeble that the referee was forced to award Hudkins a technical knockout in round three.

The fistic fued between Jackie Mandell and Red Humphries, a couple of local kids, ambitious and all that, but going nowhere in particular, had another public airing at Hollywood and as full-fledged main eventers.

These two bantams twice galloped over the six-round route with honors being split. The added distance, however, proved Mandell the better boy.

There were exactly 193 clinches in the 10 round bout between Joe Roche and Wilson Yarbo at the Olympic.

That's not our count, it's the unofficial score of a boxing fan who paid two bucks for an evening of fistic entertainmnet, then whiled away his time keeping a round by round record of the clinches. He reported his findings to Bill Smith, boxing expert of the Los Angeles *Express*.

Roche received the decision and a generous Bronx cheer, all which prompted Windy Winsor, his manager, to announce that they were packing for New York immediately.

It took just one knockout to check the fistic rise of Homer Sheridan, who threatened to be a sensation among the middleweights hereabout.

Until Joe Roche came along Sheridan looked great, but Roche knocked him out in one bout and followed it with a 10 round decision over him.

Both bouts were staged at Hollywood.

Another middleweight who threatens to do a thing or two is Eddie Burnbrook, the old army battler, who has sprung into local popularity through his successful come-back performances at Pasadena.

At the time of his retirement, three or four years ago, Eddie was rated well up among the world's best welters.

Tommy Jones, Georgia welter, who got off to a flying start here by winning over Dick Hoppe at Hollywood, ran second to Paul de Hate in a slow and uninteresting battle at the same arena. Paul became a proud papa the night before the fight.

The house mover's union lost a fine prospect when Seal Harris, giant black mauler, of Chicago took up fighting.

Harris made his local debut at the Olympic and cuffed his way to a ten round win over Neil Clisby while the gallery gods razzed the bout almost from the beginning.

Bombarding the ring and ringside with programs, wads of chewing gum, paper and whatnot, is again becoming quite popular hereabout.

Whenever a fight fails to please, the gallery mob indulges in target practice and few of them seem able to get the range. Instead of socking the ring occupants, they paste the ringside spectators.

Two fair size jobs took place recently at the Harris-Clisby and Roche-Yarbo affairs.

Ancil Hoffman, San Francisco outdoor promoter, is still chasing rainbows. He just can't seem to line up any 'hot' attractions for the Golden Gate fans.

And Frank Schuler isn't doing any too well at his new Dreamland arena the niftyest punch palace on the Coast.

Boxing has fallen arches in the North, just like the soles of a 350 pound man's shoes.

Lack of local talent is keeping San Francisco out of the banner lines.

The Mickey Walker-Ace Hudkins "orphan" just can't seem to acquire a stepfather.

The "hot" time was right after the Wildcat beat Armand Emanuel at Wrigley Field.

Sitting out in the draft much longer, Mickey and Ace will catch cold, then they can carry the corpse out and bury it along side the Walker Leonard body.

Ben Steffler, formerly of the San Berardino Orange Belt club, has opened a new boxing club at Ontario and is doing very well.

Jerry McCarthy, famous old middleweight fighter and more recently trainer and manager of boxers is now making matches for a new club at Pico.

An electric lighted canopy now adorns the entrance of Carlo Curtis's Los Angeles gymnasium announcing who is training and when.

Morrie Cohen, Pasadena's boy promoter outgrew his arena which he built less than two years ago and was forced to tear out a couple store rooms to make way for additional seating capacity.

Chick Lewis, Ace Hudkin's trainer, crashed the sport pages of the Los Angeles dailies recently through a little act of quick thinking.

As the story goes, Chick was taking lunch in a west Seventh street restaurant when the screams of a panic-stricken fruit dealer next door were heard. Lewis rushed out of the cafe and over to the scene and found that the fruit dealer had been bitten by a deadly tarantula while unpacking a crate of bananas.

Chick acted at once, "don't get excited," he commanded, "everything will be o.k." He then grabbed a handy cord and wrapped it tightly around the man's finger preventing the poison from spreading, then splitting the finger down and across with his pocket knife, Lewis rushed over to a drug store ordered a bottle of potassium which he applied to the wound.

In the meantime, an ambulance had arrived, and bundled the fruit merchant off to the Receiving Hospital where the doctors inspected the first aid treatment. One of the doctors turned to Chick and announced that there was nothing left for him to do. The wound had been treated perfectly and the man's life saved.

Jack Dempsey, accused of punching Joe Benjamin recently in New York, has never before been mentioned in the same breath with a street fight. And in this case, it must be remembered that Benjamin, too, is a fighter. This makes the act pardonable.

The Hudkins boys, Ace Clyde and Art, were the big guns behind a testimonial boxing show tendered Jimmy Rothwell, brother of the famous Young Corbett.

Jimmy has had a long battle with sickness and wanted to go back to Denver. When the Hudkins clan heard of it, they chorused; "let's put on a real fight show for Jimmy."

Carlo Curtis, joined them in the move by donating his gymnasium arena. There was nothing but real fights on the card, no exhibitions, and Ace himself headed the bill.

Les Kennedy, chalked up a few more victories by taking the measure of Ernie Owens at Hollywood and old John Lester Johnson at Wilmington. Kennedy is one sweet looking heavyweight prospect. As we go to press he is preparing for a battle with Tiny Roebuck, slated for Hollywood.

Pete Meyers, whose speed and terrific right hand punching has been so effective in the past against those funny creatures, the southpaws, failed miserable against Young Corbett III, at San Francisco, 7,000 people saw him lose. There was little love between the pair and the event proved a real grudge battle.

Frankie Stetson, San Francisco lightweight headliner and Johnny Lamar, veteran Los Angeles Mexican lightweight, battled ten torrid rounds to a tie at the new Dreamland and were immediately rematched. Frankie proved the better boy in the second outing.

Mushy Callahan is a high-priced champion now. When Mushy signed with Jack Kearns, he cast aside a lot of his old habits—he is a $50,000 baby in the arms of Kearns now. That's the price the dapper Doctor set for Mushy to defend his title.

A nose operation has kept Santiago Zorrilla on the side lines for several weeks.

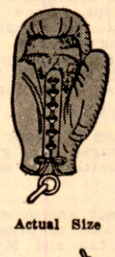
Two world's championships were successfully defended within a period of eight days and under the promotion of Jack Doyle.

Baby Sal Sorio, failed miserably to deliver against Tod Morgan for the junior lightweight championship while Dummy Mahan, in his eagerness, left his chin unprotected for a split second, just long enough for Mushy Callahan's right to find a parking place.

Morgan, a smart, resourceful champion without a punch, proved to an overwhelming Mexican assemblage that the much-overtouted Baby Sal is a good semi-final boxer and nothing more. The much-vaunted punch of Sorio, which has felled his long list of rivals, was almost useless against the skillful Morgan.

Morgan, whose specialty is defending his title proved that he is a real champion, went into the tenth round with the fight so far won that only a knockout could win for Sal. Morgan discarded all pretence of boxing and slugged it out with the Mexican, giving his handlers a chill and the fans a thrill.

Benny Whitman, who awarded Morgan his title some



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four years ago in a battle with Mike Ballerino, refered the Sal go.

The Mahan-Callahan bout was a whoopee affair. Both boys were toppled like ten pins. Callahan hit the canvas in the first and second stanzas, while the Dummy went down twice in the second. The third session found Mahan down flat on his face and out.

By way of novelty a section was reserved for deaf and dumb folks who were on hand in generous numbers to cheer Mahan, a mute since birth.

Thomas Elliot, introduced the principals via the finger route, while Elliot was hitting on all six some gallery egg yelled, "louder." Another comedian piped up, "change signals." All of which brought a laugh from the crowd but didn't bother Elliot and his mute friends.

Less than a year ago, Santiago Zorrilla took Bud Taylor and Joey Sangor in order and spanked them a plenty.

But things have changed. Zorrilla looked terrible against Tod Morgan and then Goldie Hess, a preliminary boy, gained a decision over him.

On the same card Jackie Pilkington, a good boxer from New York won a ten round decision over Pedro Amador, stable mate of Zorrilla.

Los Angeles fans who journeyed out to the Olympic to see Mushy Callahan and Spug Meyers do battle, enjoyed an evening of real fisticuffs and incidentally got a peek at a couple of high-powered managers.

Jack Kearns was behind Callahan and Frank Churchill was in Meyers' corner. They are without doubt the two best money getters in the business. Pop Foster manager of Jimmy McLarnin, however, will run 'em both a close race. Foster has received awards for Jimmy that even Kearns or Churchill might not have been able to chisel out with the same tools.

Another synthetic title has been unloaded on the unsuspecting populace of Southern California.

Mr. Mickey Grealis enters with his Mexican lightweight champion, Joe Guerrero, all dolled up too with a crown adorned with the colors of the Republic of Mexico.

Pablo Dano, Philippine flyweight, won over Frankie Paluso of Salt Lake City in ten rounds and held Corp. Izzy Schwartz to a tie in ten heats. Both bouts were staged at San Francisco.

Another story about Jack Dempsey getting one million cold fish to fight at Agua Caliente is going the rounds.

There are so many Dempsey rumors that it is hardly worth giving any of them a tumble.

Young boxers anxious to develop under a capable instructor and trainer and fight in a National Boxing Center such as California offers, are invited to get in touch with this writer at 5007¼ S. San Pedro street, Los Angeles. He'll take good care of you.

I just received a copy of Nat Fleischer's latest and greatest book, "Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana." It's a pippin. Never saw a narrative and history of a champion as this book. Boys, you don't know what you're missing, if you haven't bought a copy of this book. It is a story of the life of Jack Dempsey, told only as Nat Fleischer, his personal friend, could tell it. Get on the band wagon. The price is $2.00 and the book can be obtained from The Ring, 11 W. 42nd street, New York City.

FRISCO LEFT-HOOKS

By J. MALDONADO

HIPPO Burns has two good boys in Joseph Oliver, 152 pounds, and Joe Washington, 170 pounds. Both are colored and hail from New Orleans.

Batt Dozier is in the east. He will return shortly. Dozier is a well known colored comedian who throws a lot of leather and is being handled by Chas. Weiner.

Jimmy Duffy, the Oakland Flash, turned down several offers to fight Al Gracio.

Al Gracio, Tim McGrath's classy welterweight, has been coming along at a fast cliff. In his last two bouts he stopped Freddie Hoppe and won a decision over Clyde Hull.

Boy Walley went down to El Paso, Texas, where he fought 12 tough rounds to a draw with Chato Laredo, the flyweight champion of Mexico.

To correct an error printed in the last edition, Joe Conde, Doctor Fritz's fighting bantam, is not a Filipino. He's a Jumping Mexican bean. Joe Conde surprised by defeating Pete Beltrand, a tough Filipino, in six rounds at Watsonville.

Who goes there? "It is I," answered Frankie Stetson, "and I'm headed for the welterweight championship, as I've outgrown the lightweight division." Frankie is being handled by Dolph Thomas, veteran manager.

Pablo Dano, Paddy Ryan's flyweight Terror, is now ready and hopes to draw Corporal Izzy Schwartz for his next opponent. In their recent bout here, Dano had quite an edge, but the bout was called a draw. His last two bouts he has won with ease. He took the measures of Willie La Morte of New York and Frankie Paluso, brother of Lew and Emil.

George Landau is coming up in fast strides. He looks the makings of a good boy.

Billy Light won from Jimmy Evans, but got the short end of a decision at the end of ten slow rounds.

Moose Taussig has three good boys in Kato Nakamura, Q. Kimura and K. Takahashi. They are Japs. Moose also does business for Al Robinson, the popular flyweight, and Joe Conde, a fast rising bantam.

Manuel Montiel, former local amateur, made his first appearance as a promoter and defeated Lou Zimmerman with ease in four rounds.

Tommy Palacio, Filipino, defeated Pancho Villa, a good flyweight, in four rounds.

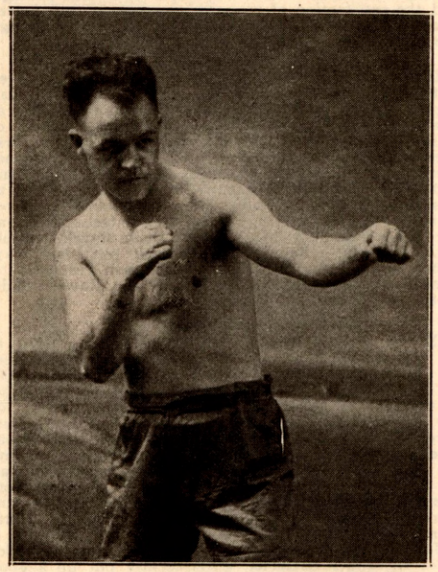
Chick Devlin, that's the boy. Keep your eye on him. In his last two bouts he drew with Billy Adams, and his last he stopped Billy in two rounds. Billy Adams and Devlin are rematched.

Jimmy (Baby Face) McLarnin was in good old San Francisco for a brief visit.

Babe Anderson would like a return match with Jimmy Duffy, the Oakland Flash.

Boy Walley, the Malay mauler, will run down to El Paso, where he will box Chato Laredo, the Mexican flyweight. Walley is full of confidence.

Boxers who intend to get anywhere, and desire a real good guide, get a copy of "Training for Boxers," by Nat Fleischer. It is a real book and every fighter should not be without one.



Sailor Willie Gordon of Portland, Oregon.

People wishing to know conditions around here and fighters wishing to get started here in the bay region kindly get in touch with the writer, at 923 Union St., San Francisco.

MARYLAND AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

BENNY FRANKLIN opened his new open air arena at Carlin's Park with Andre Routis defending his featherweight title against Buster Brown at Baltimore. Routis was an easy winner after three rounds with Buster in a helpless condition.

Brown made 125 lbs., for the champion at 2 p.m., which was entirely too much weight for him to take off. Buster usually goes in at 133 lbs. Franklin's new Arena will be one of the largest in the South with a seating capacity of over 6,000.

The Folly Athletic Club with quarters at the Black Sox Ball Park in Baltimore have been unable to start its summer season so far on account of inclement weather. Matchmakers George and McCarthy plan a weekly Friday night.

Frankie Marsenik beat Benny Goldstein in the final indoor bout staged by the Olympia Club in Balto., Marsenik finished far the stronger and deserved the nod. These two kids packed the house to its capacity, and each boy received a sum that would do justice to a top-notcher.

The month's upset was the knockout victory of Lee Halfpenny by Phil Roselli in Baltimore. While Roselli is well-known for hitting powers, he did not figure to upset Hafpenny who is rated as a real comer in Baltimore. Shortly after Roselli's victory over Halfpenny, he was defeated by Lew Heywood at Hagerstown, Md.

Sidney Lampie, Baltimore lightweight, easily defeated Bobby Garcia in 12 rounds at Baltimore.

K. O. Christner has been suspended by the Maryland Athletic Commission for his unsatisfactory bout in Cumberland recently. Matchmaker Vic Ricker and Referee Charlie Short were reprimanded for the setto.

Boxing has been opened on the outskirts of Washington, D. C., with bouts being staged at Fort Washington, Md. In the opening show, Billy Strickler of Washington knocked out Jack Shaddock of Baltimore in four rounds. The Fort has an arena that will seat over 4,000 fans and it seems that the Washington fans are in for a real summer of boxing. The Fort can be reached by road or by the Army Steamer that leaves Washington and makes connections with the show.

"China Boy" Pollock, former Marine, made his Washington debut by knocking out Billy Strickler in one round at Fort Washington recently. The bout was terminated in less than one minute and rather than disappoint the fans, Pollock reentered the ring and fought a ten round battle with Strickler and won the decision.

Hyman Bressler, one of Baltimore most promising lightweights, will get the acid test shortly when he hooks up with Lee Halfpenny in the Monumental City.

Marty Gallagher, Washington's heavyweight, will show in Philadelphia and Baltimore during the month. Marty was scheduled to meet Mike McTigue in Baltimore but the ex-champ's recent defeat has caused the matchmaker to look for another opponent.

MANY MEN HAVE CONSTANT COUGH

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SIMPLE HOME REMEDY SOON STOPS THE COUGH

Some men can smoke constantly and never cough, but let them catch a deep-seated cold and get a touch of catarrhal, bronchial or asthmatic trouble in their throat, bronchial tubes or lungs and they are bound to have an awful cough. Their system has difficulty in throwing it off and in time they weaken and are apt to fall easy victims to respiratory lung diseases, pneumonia, fever or grippe.

NEED REAL REMEDY

Such coughs in themselves aren't dangerous or alarming and any man may easily rid himself of such troubles and at the same time fortify, strengthen and build up his system so nature will be impervious to future attacks. It merely depends on how long it has clung to him how long it will take to throw it off.

A couple of large bottles of Lin-O-Nine, a nice tasting, creamy white mixture of Flaxseed Oil, Cassia, Eucalyptus, Betula, Irish Moss and Glycerine, does the trick. It is nice to take, soothes the membrane lining almost instantly; checks the cough and rapidly assists nature in the work of throwing off the catarrhal, bronchial or asthmatic symptoms.

Lin-O-Nine is more thorough and faster working than nasty, nauseating Cod Liver Oil, which is about the only other real remedy for such troubles.

Lin-O-Nine is made of finest ingredients and guaranteed by the long established nationally known Kerr Chemical Corp. Doctors, specialists and thousands of users endorse it. Local druggists are featuring Lin-O-Nine. At this time of year grave dangers lurk in coughs and colds. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00.

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Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

WITH the much-managed Max Schmeling, the German heavyweight, still a query in so far as this section of the boxing map is concerned, Boston fans may be pardoned through the stretching of their imagination to the point wherein they see a future world's heavyweight champion in Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia. This is the impression that the Quaker boy holder of the lightheavy crown created here on the night of May 24, when he defeated Ernie Schaaf, the ex-Jersey sailor boy, now a Bostonian, in a ten rounder staged in the Boston Garden. As Sir Thomas tipped the beam at 185½ pounds, Bostonians gained the further impression that he will not again defend his cruiser championship at weight.

In the fray with Schaaf, a remarkably fast, clean-cut scrap from bell to bell, Loughran showed more aggressiveness and punching ability than ever before in this city. His footwork and boxing skill, known for years to all followers of the sport, was never better. While at times Tommy reverted to his custom of merely carrying along, keeping his nose just high enough above water to be sure of making the shore, Schaaf's gameness, unquestioned ability to punch and deadly intent, made the encounter a fight—a very good one—for the greater part of the distance.

Thomas met the Bostonian at his own game and at least half the rounds, particularly the 10th, when Ernie made a last great and desperate rally, were of the all action sort that fistic followers like to see.

Staid Bostonians, intensely loyal to "Squire" Jack Sharkey and Jimmy Maloney, about 12,000 of them, watched the fray with breathless interest and enjoyment and, at its conclusion, expressed the "hunch" that Loughran of Philadelphia would not be a bad money risk against either of the locals. They are unlikely to have the pleasure of seeing their "hunch" work itself out, however, for the Squire has his guns all trained on the winner of the Schmeling-Paulino bout for a battle in New York in September, while Jamesy is similarly, though somewhat more distantly, engrossed.

A newcomer here in the Loughran train was Jack Wolf of Philadelphia, a fairly new boy, who was pitted against Joe Barlow, formerly of Boston, but now of New York, in one of the six rounders. Wolf gave away about eight pounds of weight, also was way behind as regards experience. He lost the decision but made a creditable showing.

Billy Ames of England, though for several seasons anchored at Syracuse, N. Y., from which city he has recently shifted back to Boston, introduced another new one here in Joe Zelinsky, the Syracuse middleweight. He faced Joe Taverleri, the North Ender, an Italian boy of real promise, but not for long. They started off at a great pace, a real fight, and then Zelinsky, noting the corner of Taverleri's jaw, took a shot at it with his right.

Joseph went down for nine, got up, and was sent down for another nine. The bell ended the session.

Coming out for the second, the Italian was still floundering. Zelinsky let go another right, again to the point, and that part of the show was over.

But Ames was to have some tough luck later in the evening. For the semi-final, a scheduled eight, trotted out Gary Leach of Syracuse as the opponent of Harry Smith, the former colored boy amateur star in New York circles. Their engagement within ropes was brief and very much to the point. After 1 min. 40 sec., Smith put his right to Leach's jaw and that ended that.

While it took Max Schmeling eight rounds to dispose of Joe Monte of Brockton a while back, the same Joe was knocked cold in 1 min. 15 sec. by Big Boy Rawson of Dorchester, Mass., in the Boston Arena ring the night of May 7. Though Rawson has hardly been out of the amateur class more than six months, on paper form the match shaped up as likely to be a good one, as Monte, while not a terrific puncher, was noted as being aggressive and tough It was hoped that the fact might be established whether Rawson could take as well as he can give.

He has a record of 15 kayos, all within three rounds, in 16 starts, so there was no question on the latter point. However, they had hardly got started in the feature bout of "Col." Bob McKirdy's tourney when Monte was down and out on the canvas, Rawson meeting him squarely to the chin with terrific lefts and rights thrown straight from the shoulder. It was several hours before Joseph was himself again.

In other bouts on the same card, Hy Diamond and Charley Parker, both very good big featherweights, local boys, went eight fast rounds, the former winning by a small margin, while Stanley Winneryk of Lawrence, but lately out of the amateurs and now enrolled in the Johnny Buckley stable, came through with a win in an uphill hurricane contest with Johnny Hanlon, a Lynn high school boy. Mike Raffaels of New York, one of Riccardo Bertazzolo's sparring partners out at Sharon Gardens, Mass., was hurried into the ring as a sub to meet Big Boy Mack of Taunton and wrecked the latter in the initial canto with a solid right to midriff.

AND how is Bertazzolo, the much-talked of Italian heavyweight imported by Frank Marlow and Phil Buccola, getting along? The answer is—very nicely. The big fellow got a chance to really spread his wings for his first real fight in America when he met Jim Maloney, the South Boston heavyweight, the night of May 17 in the Boston Garden ring. The contest drew a whale of a "house," all that could be packed in, and ended in a victory of the Italian on a foul in the fourth round, or, more specific, the rest period following the clanging of the gong ending that stanza.

Bertazzolo, big, wonderfully good-natured, but withal aggressive, went out hand over hand to make it a fight, and, as Maloney certainly knows the game, was well socked to the chin with left and right hooks, also short right hand drives every time he came in close, which was most of the time. He absorbed punishment, however, like a sponge, continually forcing Maloney about the ring.

As the match really determined nothing, though it made Bertazzolo here in Boston, it is likely that they will meet again, probably at Braves Field during the summer season. It is estimated that it will draw the largest gate on recmord in this city for an out-and-out boxing show.

Phil Buccola, who is holding the reins over Jack Gagnon, the Allston, Mass., French heavy, having managed to inject a lot of "pep" into his big protege, had the satisfaction of seeing him come through in the semi-final against Al Friedman of Roslindale, though the ruling was on a foul.

Italian Jack Herman, the New York heavy, tucked a fly into the Boston fistic ointment on Thursday night, May 23, though the same happened up at Franklin, N. H., the A. E. Shaw Post, A. L., of which town breezed through with one of the first open-air shows of the country for the present season. Herman was in there with Big Bob Mills, the lone opponent out of 16 in a row to whip Rawson up to this present writing. As Mills is booked to meet Rawson in a return in a Hub ring later on, it was the consensus that he wouldn't have much trouble with Herman. But it didn't work out that way. When the 10 rounds were over Herman received the decision. As it was a close affair, the Rawson-Mills match will stand.

IN the prelims to the Bertazzolo-Maloney fight in the Boston Garden, Eddie Holmes of Providence, R. I., who very shortly is to meet Joe Accetta of that city and Boston in the initial boxing show in the famous Mark Stadium at Hiverton, R. I., for the Rhode Island lightweight title, defeated Al Bergeron of Cambridge in six rounds, while Red Salvatore Affinito, the New York amateur star, making his "pro" debut in Boston, whipped Vincent Sullivan of South Boston in six. In another contest Tom Toner, the Philadelphia light heavy, defeated Pietro Corri, the so-called champion of Austria, the route being six cantos.

Johnny Vacca of this city, who won fame by twice defeating Fidel LaBarba, also recently put up a good though losing fight here against Kid Chocolate, journeyed to Montreal on May 4, and on the following night lost on a kayo to Arthur Rogers, claimant of the Canadian bantam title. The kayo was a bit flukey, according to Al Delmont, Vacca's manager, who contends that though Johnny was sent to the floor, Rogers was allowed to sttand over him and when Vacca got up closed and wrestled him back to the canvas. The referee then stopped the fray and gave Rogers the award. However, the kayo will stand in the records.

Big Boy Rawson of Dorchester, who as we have mentioned recently knocked out Joe Monte of Brockton in 1 min. 15 sec., in a perfectly legitimate manner in a main but at the Boston Arena, scored his 16th k. o. in 17 starts when he was given the award over Ralph Smith of Los Angeles in the same ring on the night of May 27. However, he was nobly assisted by George Lawrence of New York, who, as Smith's chief second, tossed a towel into the ring surrendering the fight in the second round at a time when the Californian, though wobbly on his pins, appeared to be out in front.

In the first round Rawson came out with a rush, as is his wont, and landed a right to the jaw. By all the rules of precedent, also some other rules, Smith should have folded up. However, he didn't. Instead, he fought back, and before the end of the stanza had dropped Rawson twice and otherwise mussed him up. Thanks to the work of Rawson's seconds, he came out fairly fresh for the second. He started to force and in the first minute had the better of the going, particularly as Smith seemed to have trouble letting go his punches. However, Ralph came to life in the second minute and was carrying a hot fight to Rawson when Lawrence tossed in the towel.

Fireworks from the 7,000 spectators, who got sore at once. The episode has neither helped Rawson nor the game in Boston. It was a weird piece of work for an experienced veteran with a good managerial record.

The next chapter, if there is to be one, will be contributed by the Boxing Commission. One thing is certain, our Commission should immediately follow in the wake of New York and put a stop to towel-throwing. Furthermore, if the Bay State referees, or some of them, do not know enough about boxing to know when to stop a fight, they should either be instructed in their duties or pruned off the list.

IN one of the other bouts on the night of the 27th, Hy Diamond of Boston, a big featherweight now attached to the Dan Carroll stable, came through with his second win within the month over Charley Parker of this city. It was an eight rounder and a very good contest throughout, doing much to take the curse off the Rawson-Smith affair, also, paradoxically, making the heavies look punk.

In another bout, Leslie Baker of Watertown, National 147 pound amateur champion, made his "pro" debut and stopped Tommy Burns of Lynn in the initial stanza. It was a clean kayo scored right on the button. Baker is tall and lanky and may be a bit weak about the midriff, but, like many of his type, can punch wickedly. With seasoning he has a chance ahead.

Phil Schlossberg, manager of Ernie Schaaf, does not consider that his man was beaten by Tommy Loughran in their recent encounter, and told us so while we sat together at the ringside watching the foregoing tourney. He thinks Schaaf won.

I want another chance for Schaaf against Loughran either in this city, New York of Philadelphia, and, as both Loughran and Joe Smith are sportsmen, I think I'll get it.

The writer does not agree that Schaaf won or he would have said so. A return Loughran-Schaaf match, however, would be a good one for any club in the country.

The Crescent A. C. of the neighboring city of Lynn, having recently lost its indoor home through fire, staged its outdoor opener with Jake Zeramby of that city, a very popular and promising featherweight who can make the weight, meeting Newport Johnny Brown of Somerville, Mass., a Johnny Buckley protege. Zeramby knocked out his man in the third round.

At Worcester, Mass., Vernon Cormier of that city, a small boy with a very good "rep," scored over Willie Cubic of New York. It was on a foul, however, the same occurring in the fifth round. As there was another foul in the same show, the Boxing Commission is hitting the trail.

Eddie Shevlin, former New England welter champion, and a very good one of the oldtime school, got a bad break on the 23d, up at Keene, N. H. In addition to being boxing and athletic instructor at Dartmouth College, Eddie is interesting himself in a number of prospects, Turk Nazaaree being one of the lot. Eddie had his protege in there with Dick Howell of Boston and they were getting along finely when the boy from the Hub tapped Turk on the chin in the third canto. The contest ended there.

Jimmy Briscoe of Manchester, N. H., Granite State feather champion, and a performer of merit, had a hot session with Benny Kid Carter of Boston on the night of May 12 at Portland, Me. They went 12 rounds, and as decisions are not given in that state neither was the winner. "A draw" was the popular vote.

Dan Carroll, Jim Maloney, Dick Finnegan and Arthur Flynn, the three latter of the former's numerous fistic stable, recently crossed from New York to Boston in an airship, covering the distance in less than two hours. The big idea made such an impression on Carroll that another fear may see him launching out as an aviator-fistic manager, a la the Striblings.

IT is some satisfaction to the writer to note that some of his associates in the sport field, a notable name being that of Bob Edgren, are swinging into line in favor of a return to the old form of winner-loser ends to main bout purses. The writer has advocated the same for more than 20 years

GUS WILSON

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BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING

Boxing in Europe

By SPARROW ROBERTSON

PROMOTOR JEFF DICKSON ran off his last big entertainment of the season with the match between Elmile "Spider" Pladner and Kid Francis, the young Italian that did so well in America for some eighteen months. The bout, at catch weights, had pladner weighing 115 pounds and Francis 117¾ pounds. The distance was twelve rounds.

It was a hard-fought battle from start to finish and at the end the judges decided the contest a draw, although to many at the ring side it appeared as if Francis had a little the better of the milling. At infighting he was the better of the two.

From now on until closing time, which will be during June, all of Dickson's bouts will be run off at his Salle Wagram, or Cirque de Paris arenas.

The biggest boxing carnival ever run off in England was given at the London Olympic, under the auspieces of the National Sporting Club. Three titles were at stake. Johnny Cuthbert won the British featherweight title from Harry Corbett. Teddy Baldock, who has been dubbed by his friends as the champion bantamweight since he defeated Archie Bell, defeated the belt holder, Kid Pattenden, and Len Harvey won the middleweight championship from Alex Ireland of Scotland. The vast arena was completely sold out for the magnificent entertainment days before the holding.

Boxing in France has just closed its biggest boxing season. In Paris, where the big stuff has all been given under the auspices of Jeff Dickson, his turnover will show a big increase over that of last year. The young American promoter will head the new sports arena which will shortly be erected in Paris.

French capital will furnish the financial backing for the enterprise. In addition to boxing promotions, ice hockey, bicycle racing and other sports will be catered to.

FRENCH NOTES

THE supporting bout to the Pladner-Francis bout was between middleweights Marcel Thil, known as the French knockout king, and Al Marin. It ended in the fourth session when Marin, after having received a hard lacing, abondoned the contest.

A brother to Kid Francis was up against Featherweight Gourdy for a scheduled ten-round bout. For seven rounds the bout was hard fought, and when the bell for the eighth session clanged Gourdy considered to quit.

Another bout had Fleurot and Gene Mack, which wa won by Fleuot, and then Debeaumont defeated Gassette on points.

Georges Carpentier, the most popular boxer that Europe ever had, attended the Pladner-Francis bout, then left for New York. He received a rousing reception when introduced from the ring. He never appeared to be in better physical condition.

George W. Loft, Chairman of the New York State Racing Board, attended the Pladner-Francis fight. He was loud in his praise over the clean manner in which the affair was conducted.

Knute Hansen, the Danish heavyweight, who has been in Paris for the past two months, has been signed up for two matches by Promoter Dickson; that is, providing that he wins his first against Maurice Griselle, who is in the stable of General Descamps. With a win in the first, his second match will be against the winner of Carnera-Bouquillon match.

If Primo Carnera, 6 feet 10 1-3 inch Italian heavyweight, defeats Bouquillon the giant will be matched with Knute Hansen.

Emil "Spider" Pladner expects to leave for New York about the middle of June. Although the fans will not see him arriving as the world's title holder after his unfortunate ending against Frankie Genaro, they will find him to be one real little battler.

There are several very good welterweights in France now in addition to the champion, Jean Gavalda. In a recent bout between Louis Kessler and Jules Alverel, held at the Salle Wagram, after ten rounds of fast fighting, Kessler was awarded the decision and with the decision went the right to challenge Gavalda for the title.

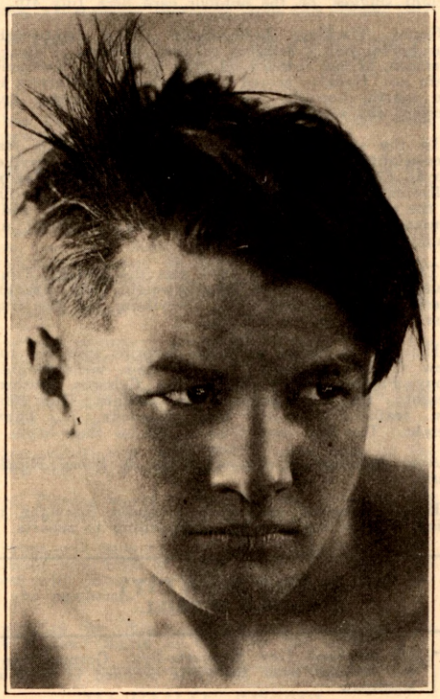
Two other good welters are Lepage and Beasussier. They will have to wait some time yet before getting a crack at the title. Both are youngsters and when championship time arrives for them they will have learned considerable more about the boxing game.

Arthur Schackels, the Belgium welterweight who fought in America for some time, had a match against Archie Sexton of England at the Salle Wagram. The bout was won by Schackels. About two weeks previously the pair went fifteen rounds to a draw in London.

There are also some very fair little fellows coming to the fore in France. M. Bensa is one of them. He and Louie Simemde had an eight-round battle at one of the big entertainments that had the customers cheering their heads off between rounds. Bensa received the decision.

At a recent contest held at the London National Sporting Club between George (Kid) Nicholson of England and Guy Bonaguri of France, Gene Corri, after several warnings given to the boxers for not appearing to take the affair seriously, stopped the bout in the ninth and declared it no contest.

Johnny Copson of Birmingham defeated Sammy King of Poplar in an eight-round bout held at the National Sporting Club. At the same entertainment



Emile "Spider" Pladner, champion of France and Europe. A great little fighter.

Bob Jackson of Steppney defeated Billy Abbott of Hampstead on points after six fast sessions.

Billy Mack, Bethnal Green, defeated Johnny Sheehan of Bermondsey on points in a six-round bout held at the National Sporting Club, London.

Heavyweight Jack Taylor of Birmingham and Bill Bates of Charlton had a brief bout at the London Ring. In the second round Bates was sent down twice, the second time for a full count.

Harry Paulding of Bethnal Green and Kid Rick of Mile End were scheduled for a twelve-round bout at Premierland. After reaching the tenth session the bout came to an unexpected finish when Rich was disqualified for hitting low. It was a good contest up to the time of the disqualification.

Reggie Meen of Desborough knocked out Farrier Frank Berwick in the third of a ten scheduled round bout, which was held at Manchester.

One of the biggest boxing men in Great Britain is Lionel F. Bettinson, who for the past three years has been manager and matchmaker for the National Sporting Club of London. He has fully justified his selection by the club in succession to his father, the late A. F. ("Peggy") Bettinson.

Ted Broadribb is one very busy man in the boxing game of Europe. Which all goes to show that it pays to be on the level at all times. Ted is well liked, gets plenty of work for his boys and acts as advisor in many matters pugilistic. Broadribb has one of the finest stables in Europe and when one of his boys is on a bill the fight fans flock to the show assured before the start they will be treated to action. Wish we had more of Broadribb's type of managers and promoters in Europe. Jack Hood, Alf Mancini, Dick Corbett, Harry Corbett, Ned Tarlton and other good boys under his tutelage.

The famous old National Sporting Club of London certainly did itself proud when promoting three British championship fights in the one ring. Three titles changed hands. Johnny Cuthbert won the featherweight from Harry Corbett on points; Kid Pattenden of Bethnal Green was defeated by Teddy Baldock (the boxer dubbed by his friends the champion bantamweight of the world after he defeated Archie Bell of America some eighteen months ago). The big bout was the middleweight championship competition between Len Harvey and Alex Ireland of Scotland. The end came in the seventh session when Harvey won by a knockout. What a boxing night that was.

The British Boxing Board of Control is going to appeal to the Home Office to try and have a stop put to the importation of cheap foreign boxers. Joe Morris, the English manager of the crack Teddy Baldock, is one of the leaders in the movement. He proposed at a recent meeting that the Board of Control should invoke the aid of the Home Office to put a stop to the influx of alien boxers into England. "It could not be maintained that a shortage of native boxers made the importation necessary," said Joe.

Mr. Lionel F. Pettinson, the manager and matchmaker of the National Sporting Club, does not agree with Mr. Morris regarding foreign boxers appearing in England. "We need them here to make the game interesting," said Mr. Pettinson. Dan Sullivan, the matchmaker at the London Ring, agreed with Pettinson, that instead of being a menace to British boxing, the foreign element has been a decided stimulent to the game.

Phil Scott, the British heavyweight champion, made a good showing against the German heavyweight, Ludwig Haymann, at Albert Hall, London. The bout went fifteen rounds and the judges had no trouble finding for Phil.

At the same entertainment a British boxing title changed hands when the lightweight holder, Sam Steward, lost to Fred Webster after fifteen rounds.

One of the preliminary bouts had Arthur Schackels, the Belgium welterweight who was in America for some time, against Archie Sexton of England, with a draw result. Another bout had Dick Corbett, a brother to the featherweight British champion, and Pat Daly. The latter received the decision from Referee Matt Wells.

Harry Corbett, Ted Broadrib's little star, has signed up for a series of bouts to be held in Australia. His brother Dick will go along and probably Benny Marshall, a former amateur champion.

The new British Boxing Board of Control members are making a definite move to settle the question of the championships at the various weights, and as a result Ernie Izzard (Herne Hill) and Harry Fenn (Poplar) had an eliminating contest at the Ring. The bout went to Fenn on points. There was considerable holding during the contest and neither fighter showed any great amount of skill.

Bantamweigths George (Kid) Socks of Bethnal Green and Len Fowler of Birmingham boxed twelve rounds to a draw at the Rink Club, West Bromwich.

Another bout had Harry Paulding (Bethnal Green), outpointed Ronny Summerton (Birmingham), over ten rounds and Tank Fowler (Birmingham) defeated Sandy McEwan (Aberdeen) on points.

Tiny Smith, Sheffield, a very clever flyweight, lost on points to George Greaves in a bout held at the Adelphia Club.

Lightweight Albert Holmes, Lambert, defeated Harry Lane of Old Ford in a twelve-round bout held at Premierland, London.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DURING the past month the writer was on a motor tour through the East visiting the leading fight clubs in Pittsburgh, Philly, Maryland and other cities.

He finds that not only Cincinnati is one of the classiest boxing cities of its size hereabouts, but that with the outdoor season opening, the Queen City of the Middle West may pass all possible speculations and rank as a leading boxing center by the coming autumn.

With Redland Field and Tacoma Bowl on the verge of their initial programs, the cream of the leading managers and fighters will flock to Cinci in hopes of landing a shot. Rhineland will yet come through with flying colors.

Hail! to the new featherweight champion of Ohio—Freddie Miller!

Babe Kellar, who had heretofore toted the mythical diadem, was defeated by Herr Freddie in ten torrid sessions at Music Hall.

Although the writer missed this bout, from all reports Freddie sure dished the Babe a grande shellacing. And how!

With all the local worlds conquered, Danny Davis, pilot of the new champ, will seek new territory.

Ed Dickey beat Stubby Staub in a ten rounder at Dayton, O.

Local promoters are endeavoring to bring Benny Bass, Philadelphia featherweight here for a bout with Freddie Miller, local ace.

Jimmy Gordon, the "Steel City Terror," and Al Collins of Zanesville boxed six rounds on even terms at Lakeview, Ohio, while Eddie Dickey, Middletown "K. O." artist "stretched" Roughouse Rity of Wheeling, W. Va., in four heats on the same card.

Al "Bad News" Taylor, tough little Donora, Pa., featherweight, is dickering through this scribe for a shot on some of the outdoor programs.

HOOSIER FISTIC NEWS

By "KID" CHISSELL

AT a show sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. at Rochester, Ind., the main go of ten rounds ended in a draw between Jack McClure, light heavyweight of Culver Military Academy, and Artie Cain of Valparaiso.

Emerson Downs of South Bend, stopped Glen Rocje of New York in the second round. Herb Anderson of Kokomo defeated Tommy White of Noblesville in six fast rounds.

At another typical Jimmie McLemore show at the Cadle Tabernacle Jack McGrath, Notre Dame heavyweight, and Eddie Slake of Niles, Mich., went ten slashing rounds to a draw. In the semi-windup Jackie Coogan, South Bend bantamweight, dropped Tommy Brown of Indianapolis in the second round.

Frankie Jones, Indianapolis middleweight, who was boxing main attractions on the West Coast when I wore short pants, defeated Tuffy Boston, also of Indianapolis, in six rounds.

"Smitty" Smith took a punch in the pantry in the second round from Billy Bowers and it was all over for "Smitty."

Don Lindsay of Indianapolis stopped Buddy Fiscus of Bloomington in two rounds.

Mike Mitchell has just had a Battle Creek health machine installed in his gymnasium and is going to start getting the local business men in shape. But Mike is going to shed his own paunch first.

The biggest crowd of the season was on hand at the Armory, and saw Chuck Wiggins and "Big Boy" Peterson, Mississippi giant, box ten rough house rounds to a draw.

In the semi-windup that fancy boxer, Rosy "Kid" Baker, Anderson welterweight, won a shade over Tommy O'Brien, the Slugging Fool from Los Angeles. Chunky Ewing, Terre Haute heavyweight, defeated Joe Bryan of Jamestown in a six rounder.

Matt Burman, Indianapolis heavy, lost to Billy Rhodes of Southport in their return match of six rounds. Jimmy Burgess, Indianapolis middleweight, shaded Hub Newkirk of Ft. Harrison in the opener.

At the Armory Jimmy Hackley, veteran Indianapolis junior lightweight, stopped Steve McDonald of Canada in the fifth round.

At Cadle Tabernacle Babe Peleco, classy junior lightweight of New York, shaded Ehrman Clark, veteran junior lightweight of Indianapolis. It was a thrilling encounter, both scoring knockdowns.

Frankie Jones, veteran middleweight, defeated Paul Smith of Bloomington in 6 rounds.

Frankie Jones, former welterweight champion of the South and West Coast, will open a gymnasium on E. Washington St. soon.

Maxie Epstein, former bantamweight star, is now staging bouts at his gym every week at 726 Russell Avenue. Maxie now has a stable of pugs.

Bobie Allen, Chicago featherweight, defeated Joe Lynn at Terre Haute in ten rounds. In the semi-windup, Ray Hurtz, New York, negro welterweight, defeated Eddie Johnson, Terre Haute darkey, in 8 rounds.

Roy Wallace, Indianapolis light heavyweight, stopped the winning streak of Jimmy Mahoney of Chicago in the seventh round, at the Armory.

Sammy Price, junior welterweight of Benton Harbor, Mich., is now making his home in Indianapolis under the capable direction of Mike Mitchell.

Al De Rose, New Jersey featherweight, shaded Jackie Coogan of South Bend in ten rounds at Cadle Tabernacle.

Young Stanley Ketchell, Philadelphia welterweight, decisively defeated Roy Smith of Brightwood in the semi-windup. Frankie Jones, veteran middleweight, defeated "Big Boy" Brown of Indianapolis in 6 rounds.

Ray Hurtz, New York negro welter, defeated "Buddy Boy" Swanigan, Indianapolis negro, in 6 rounds. Billy Cox, defeated Charlie Sticker in the opener.

Promoters here are planning to use either Tony Marullo of New Orleans or Buster Mallini of Biloxi, Miss., against Roy Wallace, Indianapolis lightheavyweight slugger, on the outdoor card here July 4th.

Jimmy Hackley, Indianapolis junior lightweight war horse, lost a decision to Tony Herrera, Chicago Mexican, at the Armory on May 21, in the ten-round main go. Hackley scored a knockdown on Herrera in the fourth, but the "Mex" came back strong and received the verdict.

In the semi-windup Tracy Cox, Indianapolis featherweight, defeated Howard Jones of Louisville. Royal Cox, featherweight, older brother of Tracy, delivered a haymaker on Kirk Patrick of Louisville in the third stanza. Chuck Templeton, Sullivan, Ind., bantam, and Scotty Scotten of Indianapolis went six rounds, with honors even.

The best bout on the card was the opener. Tony Celmars, New Orleans featherweight, hit Frankie Gierke of Indianapolis with everything but the ring post. Tony won the decision.

Indianapolis seems to be a favorite spot for the New Orleans fighters. Tut Seymour, welterweight; Tony Phillips, lightweight; Tony Celmars, featherweight; "Big Boy" Peterson, heavyweight; Dick Borden, featherweight, and Billy Kennedy, Jr., lightweight. The fans here seem to go for their style.

Arol Atherton is staging shows at Broad Ripple Park.

Happy Atherton, veteran Indianapolis flyweight, is doing well on the west coast, according to reports.

IN THE TWIN CITY

By BOB BURRILL

THE proposed Izzy Schwartz-Britt Gorman bout fell through when Schwartz declined to meet a southpaw.

Dick Daniels, Minneapolis heavyweight, is back in the harness after a short vacation.

Dick met Rosy Rosales, hardhitting Indian from New Mexico, and was held to a draw.

Tim Derry, Irish heavy, easily beat Tommy Havel of St. Paul.

Herman Ratzlaff, rugged middleweight, came from behind to gain a six-round verdict over Joe Tuhram of St. Paul.

Honeyboy Conroy carried too many guns for Jack Palm and won a six-round mill.

Wildcat Mason, hard-hitting St. Paul lightweight, outpointed Eddy Nemo in a six-round skirmish at Hancock, Michigan.

Art Malay, who was booked to fight Mike Mandell in the semi-windup, was tossed in as a substitute for McAuliffe against Dick Daniels, and Malay was knocked out in the second.

Micky McDonough of St. Paul won over Solly Smith, Duluth lightweight, by a technical knockout in the third round of a scheduled six-round contest.

Grant Shade, clever Des Moines negro, beat Charley Retzlaff of Duluth in a four-round scrap.

Bud Glover of Minneapolis defeated Wayne Short of St. Paul in a slam-bang four-rounder.

Babe Herman, flashy little featherweight, had too much class for Everate Vincent of Stillwater in a snappy four-round go.

Ollie Bartlett, former Minneapolis bantam, is tipping the scales around 132 and is going great guns on the coast.

FROM MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By HARRY LICHTIG

MATCHMAKER BILLY MITCHELL tried a new idea last month featuring four eight rounders with local talent appearing against outsiders. The show went big.

Mitz Minikel, from the Ace Boxing Club, stopped Eddie Slake of Chicago in four heats. It was Minikel's sixth knockout in seven fights.

Curtis Brown pounded out an easy victory over Leo Knopp of Toledo in eight rounds.

Louie New punched Battling Morris all over the ring to take the decision.

Mickey O'Neill Milwaukee's fighting Irishman, beat Art Knopp in a slashy battle in the windup setto. O'Neill looks like the goods.

The Perlick Twins of Kalamazoo, Mich., made a big hit with the fans in their showings here. Henry scored two victories, one over Harry Kahn and the other over Iwin Berndt.

Herman did not fare so well, beating Solly Seeman and losing to Armando Santaigo, the Cuban sensation.

Sal Serio and his boys went down to Green Bay recently and came back with a perfect record, five of his battlers winning their bouts.

The feature bout of the evening between Joe Azzarella of Milwaukee and Doc Holly of Chicago terminated in the second round by a K.O. favoring Azzarella. The Milwaukee boy floored Holly six times and put him down for keeps on his seventh trip.

Matt Cianciolo of Milwaukee and Johnny Busch went through eight rounds of furious mixing, with the Milwaukeean winning the nod.

Sid Kelly, Milwaukee's half pint flyweight, came back after a long layoff to administer a lacing to Roy Peters.

Franklin Cheek, Milwaukee's sensational Filipino warrior, continued his winning ways by handing Francis Cuff of Iron Mountain, Mich., a knockout pill in one minute of the first round.

In the opener Joe McUeen of Milwaukee stopped Naylor Green of Northern Wisconsin in the first stanza.

Leo Speigel, Milwaukee's wildcat, is going great guns. He has won five bouts out of six since turning professional.

Dave Maier, Milwaukee A. C. star, is coming along nicely. He packs a wallop, can take 'em and has a wonderful physique.

King Tut, blond Tiger, gave Jimmy Goodrich, former lightweight champion, a neat trouncing.

Tommy O'Brien, former Milwaukee boxer, had a tough time winning the nod over Hershie Wilson of Chicago. The bout failed to provide any thrills.

Marty Calvino, Filipino battler, has made a big hit with the fans in his two pro starts. Marty K.O'd Max Craden in two rounds, and beat Santo Andducci in the other.

Irwin Berndt, Richie Mitchell's protege, demonstrated to the fans that he could fight by pounding out a close decision over Danny Delmont of Chicago. The fight was replete with thrills throughout.

Johnny Lombardo, an amateur featherweight, has won his last six starts. Johnny packs a mean punch and is as cool as a cucumber.

Russie LeRoy and Al Wolgast, brother of Ad Wolgast, met in a bout recently. They slugged away hammer and tong for ten rounds, newspaper men disagreeing as to the winner. They were rematched after the fight.

Gus DeSalvo, welterweight, has turned pro. Gus has won thirty out of thirty-six bouts, scoring fourteen knockouts. Good luck to you, Gus.

In the other half of the double windup, brother Henry was defeated by Sailor Kosky of California in ten stanzas. Kosky reecntly beat Eddie Shea of Chicago in ten. His record is 113 wins out of 116 fights.

Johnny Megna scored knockouts in his two starts here, stopping Billy Driscoll and Tommy Low in four rounds.

Joe Kubiak, south side welterweight, has won his last two starts. He beat Ted Algeers and Johnny Busch.

Vic Wolters showed the fans that he could fight by beating Mike Cianciola in six rounds.

Milwaukee has another fight club in the field called "The Badger A. C." This club plans to hold outdoor matches at Milwaukee Ball Club field. Ben Steinel, former A. E. F. promoter, is the matchmaker.

CLEVELAND AND OHIO RINGS
By TOM McGINTY

MAY was a busy month around Cleveland. Matt Hinkel staged three shows at the Public Auditorium. In one of the big features in Ohio Billy Wallace knocked out Joe Medill, and looked like a champion doing it. Medill had won the duke in a previous bout over Billy at Chicago.

Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh bantamweight, knocked out Mickey Paul of Buffalo at Sandusky, Ohio, in the second round.

Tut Jackson, Washington Court House, fought a draw with Ike McFowler of Johnston, Pa., at Alliance, Ohio.

K. O. Clements of Cleveland knocked out Sandy Moore. Clements is Charley O'Connell's good heavyweight.

Tommy McGinty's lightheavyweight, Rosy Rosales, made a fine impression at Minneapolis in a hectic bout with Dick Daniels. Some papers called it a draw and others gave it to Rosy.

Walter Taylor opened his Taylor Bowl May 28, featuring Vince Dundee and Bucky Lawless.

Matt Hinkel and Tommy McGinty will promote shows at the American League Base Ball Park this summer.

Suey Welch has given up the reins as promoter to devote all his time to Gorilla Jones—who is going great right now. Suey thinks Gorilla will win the welterweight title.

Johnny Davis of London, England, and Eddie Besner of Minneapolis are the latest arrivals in Cleveland looking for work. They are under the management of Irish Kane and Tommy McGinty. Davis is a lightweight who has fought Jack Berg at London and Besner is a middleweight.

Lou Janita, former Columbus featherweight, has just returned from the Pacific Coast, and is making his home in Cleveland. Lou is anxious to box any of the good feathers. He is under the management of McGinty and Kane.

Jack DeNeri of Rochester is making Cleveland his home.

Eddie Mead has drifted away from Joe Lewis. This is their second parting—this time for good, Eddie claims.

Eddie Borden is looking after all of Mead's fighters and keeping them busy.

Paul Pirrone is on the hospital list with a busted hand he received in the gymnasium.

Johnny and Frankie Hayes of Philadelphia have been signed by Walter Taylor.

Marty Gold and Willie Davies is another pair of flyweights Taylor is after.

Johnny Papke's lightweight, Joe Schlund, knocked out Mike Keller at the last show at the Auditorium. He looks like a good prospect.

Matt Hinkel has signed up Santiago Zorrilla, the San Blas Indian, for his first show at the ball park.

K. O. Christner blasted Jack McAuliffe, Detroit trial horse, from the picture in the second round of their scheduled ten-round bout. The Commission held up McAuliffe's money.

Bryan Downey's welterweight, Joe Simon, and Mike Keller boxed ten rounds to a draw at Lorain.

Henry Firpo, Cleveland, beat Tillie Kid Herman at Zanesville.

Jimmy Avon, Cleveland's hustling Italian manager, has his stable going every few nights. Nick Martin, his ace, has been boxing every week around the state. His brother, Tony, got a draw with Johnny Rich at the Hall. Jimmy has about thirty boxers, and a fine little fellow to do business with.

Ollie and Johnny Downs are running weekly amateur shows and turning them away.

Tommy Freeman and Andy DiVodi of New York fought ten rounds to a draw at Paddy Harmon's Chicago Stadium.

Frankie Chatterton, who has so decisively defeated by Stanilaus at the Public Auditorium, is training again and going to start all over.

Tom McMahon of Spring Valley has taken up his residence in Cleveland. He is working for Tommy McGinty. The former heavyweight will be coach over Rosy Rosales.

Eddie Fritz has succeeded Tom as matchmaker for Bill Jolly's bowl at Newcastle, Penna.

There were so many arguments after the Johnny Risko-Emmett Rocco fight around town and so much news printed in the local papers that Matt Hinkel is endeavoring to match this pair again.

Danny Dunn, Risko's manager, thinks Risko beat Rocco. Dunn took his case to the Commission, but without avail.

Al Corbett is training for several fights his manager, Jerry Sachs, the soldier of fortune, has lined up for him. Here is a youngster who I thought would be right up with Shea-Bass-Canzoneri-Taylor and the other headliners. He yet might make the grade.

Phil Zwick is hot on the trail of Kid Chocolate.

Abe Katz, of Cincinnati was in town looking for material. He will probably use several of the Cleveland boys he saw work out at O'Connell's gymnasium. There must be fifty boys working out at O'Connell's every day.

Johnny Risko lost the duke to Emmet Rocco at the Public Auditorium in Matt Hinkel's second show in May—a fight he surely won, to my way of tabbing it—as I gave him seven out of the first eight rounds, and you could split the other or give it to either one.

Little Frankie Van, making his first start in the big time, just lost his noodle by not tabing the rounds.

Joey Goodman made short work of Jack Duffy of Toledo, knocking him out in the second round.

Goodman broke a bone in his left hand in training and lost three fights in May which he was forced to call off.

Johnny Datto has changed managers. He is under Jack Steele and Mose Donnelly, who are also piloting Mike Ryan, Mexinjun junior welterweight, and Dick Ramies, welterweight contender from San Diego, Cal.

Doc Kiser has gone back to the Pacific Coast to bring on several more battlers for Steele and Donnelly.

Tony Martin of Havana, Cuba. is still in Cleveland. He has Pancho Blancho, a very tough little Cuban featherweight.

Bob Sangster has Larry Brignolia and Young Edwards, both very good fighters. Edwards is a peach. Watch this boy.

Tommy Freeman is on his honeymoon. He will return soon and settle down to hard training for several fights Tommy McGinty has lined up for him. Looks almost certain that Joe Dundee and Tommy will be matched for a battle at the American League Park this summer.

Cleveland promoters are after a Gorilla Jones and Tommy Freeman bout. Their last fight was a draw.

Billy Wallace outgalloped Joe Glick at the Hall, winning 11 out of the 12 rounds, but Glick nearly had him in one of the rounds.

This victory over Glick put Wallace back in the running here for a title fight with Sammy Mandell.

Paul Pirrone wants to fight Tommy Freeman, but turns down the Hayes boys of Philadelphia.

Pirrone will have to show with a first-class fighter before he can hope to fight Tommy Freeman. He showed with Jimmy Goodrich, and was ten miles behind the ex-champ.

I wish all the Ohio managers would mail me clippings of their fights in Ohio for the RING.

HAWAIIAN GOSSIP
By H. E. GRAHAM

THE boxing season is now over here—at least until the pros get started, which will be in July or August.

15,000, the greatest crowd that ever saw a local boxing card, gathered at the Inland Post on May 4 for a smoker at which the island's twenty-eight leading boxers showed their wares.

To start things off, Joe Delaney won the flyweight title on a forfeit.

Tiger Connell lost to Cudworth on a foul in the fourth round. The Tiger was leading on points before putting over the low blow which stopped the fight.

Joe Kalba k.o.'d Marks in the first round, scoring with an overhand right.

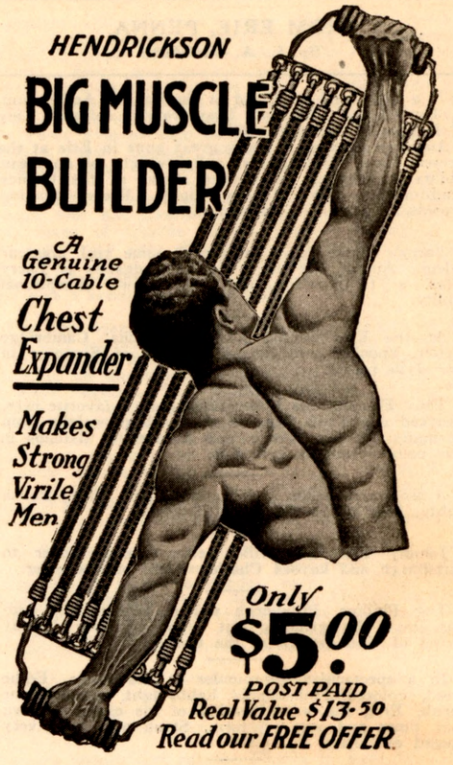
Spore and Fitzpatrick went five rounds to a draw as did Huth and Barrett. Both fights were up and down affairs which kept the crowd on edge throughout.

The greatest ovation of the evening was given to Pete Carroll, Navy lightheavy, as he crawled out of the ring after his sensational k. o. of Gunner Bothel, the Army champ.

It was boxer against slugger, the veteran versus the novice and, as usual, science and experience won out. Bothel went down and out in the fourth round after receiving terrific body punishment.

Gimlet Rowe and Whity Burnham fought the final and main bout. Rowe carried the fight to his opponent for five rounds and received the decision.

Alex Chick and Spud Murphy scored impressive one-round knockouts in two of the early bouts.



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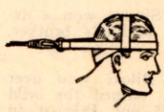

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FROM ERIE, PENNA.
By F. A. THOMAS

IN a ten-round headlined at the Carney Auditorium, Tony Fuente, Mexican heavyweight, defeated Tiny DeBolt of Conneaut, Ohio.

Amateur uboxing is going great guns in Erie at the present time. Jack Barry, a lightweight of no mean ability, is staging simon-pure shows at the Carney Auditorium every Monday night. Record-breaking crowds have been in attendance.

Barry's shows have uncovered some real amateur talent. Among the more clever youngsters is Larry Glas, a 130-pounder, who has shown exceptional ability.

At the Erie Arena, Larry Brignolia, Cambridge welter, knocked out Frankie Petrolle of Syracuse in the sixth round.

Tony Fuente, who is becoming quite a favorite here, knocked out Fritz Otto, a clumsy heavyweight from Germany. It was Otto's first attempt at fistcups in this country and it looked it.

A six-round prelim saw Matty Oldach, rising Polish lighty, beat Eddie Smith of Cleveland.

Johnny Piai, Greenville welter, journey over to Pittsburgh and kayoed Charley Wolff of Rochester.

Tug Phillips, Pittsburgh welter, kept up his wining streak by grinding out a victory over Johnny Kusic of Youngstown at the Carney.

In a spectacular ten-rounder at the Arena, Eddie Reed, colored Philadelphia lightweight, gave Maxie Strub, Erie, the worst beating of his career. Down four times and way off form, Strub put up a very ragged exhibition.

Ray Collins, Erie lighty, licked Tommy Heilman of Monessen, Pa., in a fast six-rounder.

Billy Jones, Philadelphia negro, outboxed and outpunched Tiny DeBolt in a ten-round fracas at the Auditorium.

Arvin Spence, Cleveland, beat Pedlar Palmer of Columbus, O., in a tame ten-rounder. They are both colored lightheavies.

MISSISSIPPI BOUTS
By ROB WALCOTT

THE outdoor season is in full swing in the State now and good houses are being had by some of the clubs Greenwood, Toplin, Durant, Biloxi, Clarksdale are running weekly shows.

Fred Rees of Dodge City, Kansas, came to the Mississippi Coast and won two decisions. He beat Jeff Caroll at Biloxi and knocked out Jack Humberto.

Young Mussolini Verruchi won his fifth professional bout by knocking out Clyde Robertson in Durant. They are lightheavies.

During the month of May Alex Simms won a decision over Grover Mallini. Later, Mallini's brother, Buster, beat Simms.

At Natchez, Surgis Prevost of Biloxi won over Carl De Abate. Jimmy McGinnis, termed the wild Irishman, of Mobile, Ala., knocked out Prevost in the ninth round in the same ring two weeks later. His brother, Young McGinnis, defeated Norman Moran on the same card.

Little Boy Peterson, one of the best young welterweights in the State, fought four times in May and lost only once to Jimmy McGinnes. Peterson fought a draw with Doc Du Boise and Spots Garcia.

Other fights in the State during the month were: At Greenville—Al. Jerome won the decision over Euric Flowers. At Clarksdale—Jimmy Griffith defeated Tarzan Leggett. At Clarksdale—Tommy Fowlkes won from Gene Tillman. At Greenwood—Harry Fobes fought Joe Luca of Detroit, Mich., to a draw.

FROM RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

PROFESSIONAL boxing is once more on the boom in this State. Providence, Woonsocket and Tinerton are operating on full swing, much to the pleasure of local fans. In Providence Promoter John T. Toomey is doing the matchmaking for the Providence A. C. Toomey is a veteran in this line, and when it comes to getting good boys he's there.

Toomey was at the Kid Chocolate-Fidel La Barba bout in New York, and tried to get Chocolate's signature on the dotted line, but the "Keed" wanted the State House to show his wares.

Young Montreal of Providence, who a few years back licked two champions, Peter Herman, twice, and Joe Lynch, and ranked one of the best bantams in the world, is successful making a comeback. Monty, who many thought had seen his last bout, succeeded in persuading Matchmaker Toomey to give him a "crack." For his first trial Toomey picked none other than tough Bud Taylor, and Monty gave the "Blond Terror" a severe pasting in ten rounds. Next came Johnny Fan, another tough customer, and he also followed the fate of Taylor. After this showing Toomey searched far and wide and picked Bushy Graham of Utica, and only after ten close rounds milling did Monty concede defeat to the dancing master of Upper New York. Some comeback, I'll say.

Billy Lynch of Providence is making a fine showing in New York and Philly rings. In his latest start Lynch defeated Emory Cabana at Philadelphia.

Ernie Mandell of Providence is coming to the front in leaps and bounds. Under the able guidance of Frankie Travis Mandell is now in line for big bouts with the leading boys in the country. Mandell, who has a fine record of wins in this section, is busy training for an extensive campaign in the outdoor season at the Providence A. C. gym. In his latest starts Ernie defeated Frankie Garcia of Utica, good-going brother of Bushy Graham in ten heats. They were rematched and in the middle of the bout Ernie had to stop for a cut over his eye.

The weekly amateur shows held under the auspieces of the Providence A. C. at the Arcadio have produced two national champions in the current year. Albion Holden of Attleboro, but adopted son of Providence, and Paris Apice of Providence, both hold championship medals. Holden won the National Senior 118-pound title and Apice won the National Junior 112-pound title at Chicago. Holden has turned pro.

The opening show at Tiverton was on Memorial Day. At the big soccer field, Mark's Stadium, Sammy Fuller of Boston fought Chick Suggs of New Bedford in the feature.

Joe Accetta of Providence, a good lightweight, is back on his winning stride. Accetta has defeated Frankie Hennesey and Walter Peters in his last starts.

Harry Martin of Oleyville, brother of Terry, is rounding in shape for another fling at the game. Harry is a featherweight.

All visiting fighters, managers and fans are invited to look over the new Providence A. C. gym on Mathewson Street. It is a modern training plant, fully equipped with regulation ring and fine apparatus. Frankie Travis is in consistent attendance there to give his wise advice to all desiring such.

In the last show at the Auditorium Bushey Graham defeated Young Montreal in ten rounds.

Tony Santello of Worcester, Mass., won on a foul over Frankie Garcia of Utica in two rounds.

Joe Machado of Fall River won over Al Kozial of Cranston in six rounds.

Young Lefty of Fall River knocked out Jimmy Garcia of Worcester in four rounds.

Earl Duquette of Pittsfield and Joey Williams of New Bedford went a six-round draw.

Johnny Albion of Attleborg defeated Tony Marino of Troy, N. Y., in the four-round curtain raiser.

Carlo Marullo and Kid Forte, two promising featherweights, are training daily at the Providence A. C. gym and would like to hear from any goods boys in their class. Both boys are sparring partners for Young Montreal.

WIKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

THE Armory A. C. staged its first show in the new State Armory before a capacity crowd. In main attraction Kid Chocolate beat Steve Smith.

The other bouts furnished the fans with plenty of action. The results were as follows: Billy Petrolle, Albany, N. Y., lost to Andy Allen, Pottsville, six rounds; Tony Rock, Scranton, won over "Whitey" Laubaugh, Williamsport, six rounds; Charley Russo, Pittson, outpointed Jimmy Thomson, this city; Billy Smith, Bridgeport, kayoed Jesse James, Stroudsburg, two rounds; and "Baby Face" Quintero, New York, won over Billy Palmer of Scranton in two rounds.

The new drill shed will be used only for topnotch attractions, while the smaller cards will be staged at the old Armory on South Main street.

At the old Armory Johnny Dunn returned to his native city to battle Archie Bell. Although Dunn lost, he was accorded a wonderful reception.

Dunn has been fighting in the western part of the state during the past year and showed a big improvement over his last appearance here. Local fans would like to see Dunn against his old rival, Dick O'Leary, formerly of Pringle, who is now showing great form in Cleveland.

Tommy O'Leary, younger brother of Dick O'Leary, is back in form again. His services are in demand throughout the western part of the State and Ohio. His latest victory was performed at the expense of Jack Goldman, a clever Akron featherweight.

Charley Russo won his second victory within the past month by handing a decisive beating to Joey Greb, his arch rival from Hilldale. This is the second time that Russo has outslugged Greb.

Billy Kelly, Scranton featherweight, has about reached the end of his career. He recently suffered a kayo at the hands of Al Jackson, another Scranton boy.

Kelly never recovered from the beating received at the hands of Dick O'Leary at the local club last winter, and to-day he is only a shadow of the boy who held his own with such performers as Izzy Schwartz, Frankie Genaro, Willie Davies, Joey Ross and many other topnotchers.

Eddie Mead, who formerly promoted boxing shows in Detroit, is now located in Pittsburgh, where he will perform in the same capacity there.

Tim Connelly, Pringle sportman, has a likely looking prospect in Young Slavinsky, who pleased the fans with his first two performances. He is a rugged, two-fisted battler.

IN VANCOUVER
By HAROLD L. PRATT

"WILDCAT" CARTER, sensational negro lightweight from Everett, had to use all his speed to win from Billy Townsend of Vancouver, in their recent meet at Tacoma. Billy's straight and accurate punching thrilled the crowd. Townsend was hit low in the first round and was taking a count at the bell, but the referee was not in a position to see the blow and ordered the fight to continue.

On the same card, Gordon Wallace of Vancouver won from Alex Webber. Tommy McBeigh, Vancouver bantam, took a close decision from Johnny Leonard, while Freddie Steele knocked out Eddie Foster in the second.

Word comes from San Francisco, that Pat Boyton of Australia won a six round decision from Ray Beeney of that city. Boyton made his first appearance in Vancouver after arriving from Australia.

Nelson Ferguson appears to be the most likely boy to crash into main event fights around Vancouver. Since Ferguson has decided to take the fighting game seriously again, he will have little trouble in securing battles. He recently put Jimmy Warfield, Bellingham negro to sleep in the first round.

What was described as an unpopular decision was given by Referee Tommy Burge, when he awarded Tommy Fielding the verdict over Hector McDonald at the Tillicum Club. Johnny McDonald and Wing Hay fought a draw on the same card and Jumbo Davies won by a wide margin from Young Corbett of Vancouver.

HYPNOTISM

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TEX HAMER, former University of Pennsylvania football captain, in his second professional bout, was stopped by Frankie Brown of Newark at Atlantic City, May 27. Brown worked on Hamer's body and the end came in the fifth round. Some months ago Hamer finished Al Mason of Boston in the first round at the Arena.

Jack Dempsey stopped off at the Penn A. C. on his way from New York to Chicago, May 28, and was tendered a testimonial luncheon by Jules Aranson. The former world heavyweight champion urged Pennsylvania to adopt fifteen round championship bouts and also said a national boxing commissioner similar to Judge Landis in baseball and Will Hays in the movie industry, is what the boxing field needs.

Theodore (Kid) Snowdon, the Lincoln University student who was slapping down rival fighters right and left early in the winter, was put away by George Ciacchino of South Philadelphia in the first round at the Broadway recently.

Just before George Godfrey, the colored man mountain, went to the post with Jimmy Byrne, the new Boston heavyweight flash, his manager James Dougherty tried to get the big colored fighter permission to take on wrestlers during the summer but Chairman Frank Wiener frowned upon the idea.

Tommy Liberto of York, gained an eight round decision over Steve Beldoni of Wilkes Barre in the windup at the Harrisburg Club, May 21. On the same bill Leo Claro of Philadelphia stopped Paul Vacveroni of Harrisburg in the fifth round.

Many Philadelphia fight fans traveled to Wilkes Barre, to see Kid Chocolate meet Steve Smith in the opening of the new million dollar armory. Chocolate won in ten rounds, it being his first appearance in Pennsylvania.

Pat Haley went into the strictest kind of training before meeting Vince Guidici in the Cambria windup, and put up one of his greatest bouts to flatten the Italian middleweight.

Benny Bass, the hard hitting Philadelphia featherweight, outboxed Petey Mack in New York, but could not knock him down or out. Just the previous week, Johnny Farr of Cleveland and Bass hooked up in a hard fought ten round windup at the Arena with Bass getting the decision. Later Bass beat Steve Smith, the rugged Bridgeport lad in a ten round windup at Braddock, Pa.

Johnny Dentone, who has been looked after by Jack McGuigan, scored two victories in as many days early in May when he beat Mike Palmer at Elam, Pa., and then knocked out Joe Powell in the fourth round at Camden.

Tony Talarico, a far west heavyweight, who soars 6 feet, 2 inches and weighs 200 pounds, is coming east with Leo Lomski. The newcomer will meet Tom Toner, June 17 at the Municipal Stadium on the same bill that Lomski tangles with Matt Adgie.

Efforts are being made to bring Pat Haley and Vince Guidici together again in an open air bout. Either one has a knockout punch and the fireworks usually happen when they meet. Guidici has been added to Max Hoff's stable of fighters.

Vincent Forgione made the mistake of trying to get nasty with Jack McVey when they met at the Arena in the closing show, April 29. Forgione spat in McVey's face which taunted the New York middleweight star and Jack gave him a fancy licking. Forgione had to apologize to McVey after the bout upon orders by Commissioner Wiener.

Welterweight champion Joe Dundee finally went through with his long awaited bout with Young Johnny Ketchell at Elam, Pa., on May 9, and won the ten round decision. The champion weighed 150 pounds and his Chester opponent, 149¾.

Eddie Reed, colored fighter of New York waged an uphill fight to beat Joe Wilton of South Philadelphia in the windup at the Broadway A. C. in Phillie recently. Reed stepped "on the gas" from the fifth round on and earned the ten round verdict.

Harry Blitman, tipping the scales close to 140 pounds, has started training for the outdoor season. He will box as a lightweight in the future. In a recent bout in New York Blitman beat Irish Bobby Brady in ten rounds.

In a recent windup at Lancaster, Whitey Laubach of Williamsport drew with George Bender of Girardsville in eight rounds and Tony Liberto of York outpointed Al Giardi of Philadelphia in eight rounds.

Richie King who looked like a sensation in midwinter and then fell into a slump, got back in his winning stride again by defeating Tommy Farley in the eight round windup at Atlantic City, May 13. Marty Collins of Phillie beat Willie Patterson, also of Philadelphia, on the same card.

Boxing enthusiasts learned with regret of the death of the mother of JackMcCarthy, chief accountant for the boxing firm of Taylor and Gunnis. Funeral services were held at Mrs. McCarthy's late residence, 1426 North 4th street.

Tony Falco and Ray Gadsby, two former Philadelphia amateur stars, won their respective bouts at Atlantic City recently, the former knocking out Buddy Weir of Phillie and the latter beating Mickey Doyle of Egg Harbor in six rounds.

Lew Massey of South Phillie put over a clean cut victory against Frankie Spelane in Brooklyn, May 18. The bout went the limit but Massey scored two knockdowns.

Open air boxing is to be staged in South Jersey starting in June. The Camden City Athletic Club has planned to hold weekly shows in the Fairview Ball Park, where a seating capacity of 3,500 is available.

Billy Wallace, Cleveland lightweight, expects to make his future home in Philadelphia. He was born in Dawson, Alaska, moved to San Francisco where he lived for several years and established a good reputation as a lightweight and then moved on to Cleveland. Wallace is now handled by Phil Glassman.

Johnny Canzoneri, of Alpha, N. J., boxed an eight round draw with Davie Adelman of Philadelphia at Allentown, May 20. On the same bill Freddy Legouire of New York gained the decision over Sam Pansy of Philadelphia in eight rounds.

The rugged Frankie Ferro of Phillie, dropped a ten round decision to Tony Herrera of Chicago at New Castle, Pa., May 18.

Peggy Sullivan, amateur heavyweight champion of the Philadelphia district, turned in his A.A.U. card and started his professional career by meeting Joe Lill, former U. S. Marine at the Broadway A. C., recently. Sullivan stopped Lill in the fourth.

Marty Collins of Philadelphia fought a sizzling eight round draw with Gene Gaffner of Vineland in the windup at the North Side Boxing Club show, Atlantic City, May 20. Eddie Covington of Phillie, was beaten in the semi windup by Eddie Cool of Atlantic City.

After beating Ernie Schaaf of Boston in the latter city, May 24, Tommy Loughran, world light heavyweight champion, returned to his South Philadelphia home to rest over Memorial Day. Boston boxing critics were impressed by the new snap and dash in Loughran's makeup.

Ernie Caesar, a rugged lightweight, has been added to the stable of Max Hoff. Caesar is built like a Greek wrestler and gives the fans plenty of action.

The postponement of the Taylor and Gunnis open air show at Shibe Park scheduled for May 27 to June 5 brought about a near conflict with Jules Aronson's show at the Phils Park, June 3. The shows were too close together but both did good business everything considered. The Taylor and Gunnis windup showed Kid Chocolate and Vidal Gregorio.

BOXING IN CUBA
By BILL RYAN

AFTER being down twice in the first round and once more in the third, Hilario Martinez came out strong in the fourth and rocked Raul Rojas to sleep. Rojas a local middleweight had a weight advantage of 12 pounds over the Pride of Valencia.

Ignacio Ara was quite a busy fighter last month. He put the quietus on two of Cuba's Champions, Ponce de Leon, welter and Jose de la Paz, middleweight. Ponce was knocked cold in the sixth while Jose's second's threw in the towel for their man in the seventh after he had taken everything Ara threw at him. Ara will be leaving Cuba's hospitable shores for Porto Rico as soon as he fulfills an engagement to meet Jimmy Capua, Florida's Pride, in the middleweight division.

The writer noticed in Eddie Borden's ratings last month that Kid Charol was listed while no mention was made of Charlie Hahn. Charlie demonstrated his superiority over the Cuban in a twelve rounder at Buenos Aires and deserves recognition amongst the middleweights. Keep your eye on him, Eddie and give a home town boy a break.

The local heavyweight situation is in a worse muddle than that left in the wake of Gene Tunney's retirement. Goyito Rico, lost his title as champion because of an unsatisfactory showing in his bout with Roleaux Saguero. This match, scheduled for fifteen rounds for the championship, was halted in the sixth round because of the unwillingness of Goyito to mix. Saguero did what he could to force the champion to fight but couldn't do anything against the bear-hugging tactics of his opponent. The Commission later vacated the title and refused to recognize Saguero's claims to the title although awarding him the decision by a technical knockout. A funny situation.

To further complicate matters, Fred Malibran won by a technical knockout over Esparraguera, looked upon as the logical contender, only to go out the following week and drop a decision to Ignacio Garcia, a heretofore unknown youngster. The local commissioners will have to do some tall figuring to select a champion from the present tangle of affairs.

At Camaguey, El Guajiro was given a much disputed decision over Anisio Orbeta. Alcibiades Ortega won over Angel Teijero and Sat. Tiberio. Phil Corvo stopped Diaz in the first round.

Angel Teijero has left for Florida to fight for Jim Downing at his Tampa Club. Let's hope the game Spaniard gets a better break from the Officials in Florida than was accorded him here.

The recent Kid Chocolate-Fidel La Barba scrap caused great excitement here. All radios were surrounded by large crowds breathlessly listening to the relayed returned which were being translated and broadcasted by the local station in Spanish.

Tony Leto, featherweight from Tampa, Fla. will probably be seen here shortly. Tony is the youngster who did such fine work in geting Kid Chocolate into shape up at Gus Wilson's.

Anyone wishing information as to local boxing conditions may address the writer at Apartado 805, Havana, Cuba.

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"Lea's Hair Tonic has the faint odor of bay rum and contains sulphur, which as everyone knows is a natural part of human hair, but in addition it has seven ingredients a doctor labored years to work out in his search for something harmless which one could use for years with unvarying change in the hair. He didn't want an oldtime dye that brings such shocking shades, ever growing worse and darker. He sought a tonic to be rubbed into the scalp and not on the hair. (You can dip hair in a basin of Lea's Hair Tonic with no change in color, but rub it into the hair roots nightly a few times and watch the hair gradually resume from root to tip its youthful color of blonde, red, brown or black, whichever it originally was, and who can give your hair a more becoming shade than the one nature gave you first?)

Applied at home with finger tips like any tonic, experts cannot detect its use. In about three applications dandruff vanishes and the scalp begins taking on a healthy tone—then the mirror whispers a little secret—you are NOT gray any more and your hair is thicker and you look years younger. Men swear by it. Prominent men and women constantly before the public wouldn't dream of staining their scalp with dyes but Lea's is different—thousands use it unbeknown except to the family and you may too for druggists have Lea's Hair Tonic, or send dollar bill to Lea Tonic Co., Brentwood, Md., for bottle and directions, return mail.

(Advertisement)

In Our Question Box

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Sydney Cockcroft, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—How can I increase my weight?

A.—"Training for Boxers," issued by RING, price $1, will give you full directions.

Sol Fein, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Q.—I want to get a book on Jack Dempsey's life.

A.—Get "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," a great book of 324 pages and 135 illustrations, written by THE RING publisher, Nat Fleischer. Price $2.00.

Morton Michel, N. Y. C.

Q.—Could Tommy Loughran outpoint the leading present heavies?

A.—Some of the slow moving ones, but not those with speed and punch.

Q.—Who was the best fighter—Jim Corbett, Bob Fitz most destructive hitter; Jeffries strongest and

A.—Corbett cleverest defensive boxer in history; Fitz most destructive hitter; Jeffries strongest and most impervious to punishment. In all around excellence, Fitzsimmons best.

Q.—Who was the greatest middle that ever lived?

A.—Robert Fitzsimmons.

A Reader, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—How can I develop a haymaker?

A.—Do not. Learn to hit straight with both hands, and the weight behind the punch. Get Nat Fleischer's "How to Box," from RING. Price $1.

Q.—How can I toughen a weak stomach? (one that can't stand pounding).

A.—Pulleys and bending exercises will strengthen abdominal muscles. Get "How To Train."

A Reader, Seattle Wash.

Q.—Did Bob Fitzsimmons break his hands in either of his fights with Jeffries?

A.—Yes. Fitz had Jeff whipped in San Francisco, July 25, 1902, when his knuckles gave way. Jeff's face was black and blue three weeks after contest.

Q.—How would Tunney rate with Fitzsimmons and Jeffries when they were in their prime?

A.—Not at all.

James M. Feeley, N. Y. C.

Q.—Under what rules did Sullivan and Kilrain fight?

A.—Under London rules, bare hands and on turf.

Q.—What were the rounds and rest periods in those days?

A.—Round ended when one man was knocked or wrestled down. Half minute rest between rounds.

Warren Finegan, N. Y. C.

Q.—How can I become an amateur boxer? I am 158 lbs., 5 ft. 8 inches, 17 years old. What class would I be in?

A.—Apply at A. A. U. headquarters, 305 Broadway. Yor are a middleweight. Buy a copy of "How to Box" and "How to Train" from The Ring.

Q.—What clubs could I join?

A.—Get complete list of clubs from A. A. U.

Len Johnson, N. Y. C.

Q.—What are the heights and weights of some of the 190 lb. champs?

A.—You probably mean title holders of the heavyweight class who scaled 190 pounds. Tunney, Dempsey, Heenan, all above 6 ft.

Q.—What is the best age to start as a professional?

A.—15. Short bouts at intervals of a month. Get "How to Train" and "How to Box" from THE RING at $1.00 each.

Q.—What is the best way to block a straight left?

A.—If aimed at head, duck, sidestep or parry with the right. If at body, drop right glove over solar plexus. Get "How to Box," price $1, and "Blocking and Hitting" by "Elbows" McFadden, from THE RING office.

B. K., N. Y. C.

Q.—How does Irish Jimmy Doyle rate as a bantam?

A.—Fairly good.

Q.—Did he ever defeat Sammy Tisch or Phil Tobias?

A.—Tisch and Doyle met four times, Tisch winning twice and the other two bouts drawn.

M. Cantera, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Who would win a Paulino-Sharkey fight?

A.—Sharkey would be favorite.

Q.—Where are some boxing schools in Detroit, Mich.?

A.—Apply to Dick Dunn, manager of Detroit Stadium.

James Anthony, Raleigh, N. C.

Q.—Is Jack Delaney still living?

A.—Very much alive.

Q.—Could Stribling defeat Paulino?

A.—Unlikely.

Q.—What is the best way to take up boxing if never before in the ring?

A.—Get "How to Box," from RING. Price $1. Also join the nearest gymnasium. Also buy "How to Train."

Sam Rizzo, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—Who will be the next feather king?

A.—The man who defeats Andre Routis.

Q.—I am 12 years old, how should I train?

A.—Get "Training for Boxers," from RING. Price $1.

Q.—What ounce gloves should I start with?

A.—Eight ounces.

Wilmer Landry, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Who has the best chance to become champion—Sharkey, Heeney or Schmeling?

A.—Sharkey in lead at present. Schmeling dangerous.

Q.—Has Delaney any chance of licking Maloney?

A.—Very improbable.

Olan Cordier, Van Wert, Ohio

Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 ft. 8 inches, 140 lbs. What will my height and weight be at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 10 in. and 175 lbs.

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—Is 17 too old to start amateur boxing?

A.—No.

Q.—Is it bad to work inside on a "sitdown" job?

A.—You would require considerable road work. Get "Training from Boxers" from RING and "How to Box." Price $1 each.

W. E. Ricketts, Springfield, Ohio

Q.—How tall was Joe Gans?

A.—5 ft. 6¾ ins.

Q.—What was his best fighting weight?

A.—135.

Ray Hall, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 6 ft., 150 lbs. What weight will I be at full growth? What class?

A.—Probably 175. Light heavy.

Q.—How can I become a boxer?

A.—Join a gym. Get Nat Fleischer's "How to Box" and "How to Train" from RING. Price $1.

Stan Leigh, Beaver Dam Wis.

Q.—What are the correct names of Gene Tunney, Mickey Walker, Sammy Mandell, Andre Routis and Gus Sonnenberg?

A.—James Joseph Tunney, Edward Walker, Samuel Mandello, Andre Routis, August Sonnenberg.

Louis Orlando, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 14 years old, 111 lbs., 5 ft. 2 ins. What will be my class and weight at full growth?

A.—Probably 135 pounds. Lightweight.

Tommy Ronan, N. Y. C.

Q.—What nationality is Babe Hunt, Ponca City heavy.

A.—American parentage.

Q.—How often should an amateur fight?

A.—About twice a month.

Young A. Delane, Manchester, N. H.

Q.—I am 15 years, 9 months, 5 ft. 6 in., 138 lbs. What weight and class will I be at full growth?

A.—Probably 160; middleweight.

A Reader, Toledo, Ohio

Q.—Where can I get an anti-boxing pamphlet that was sent around California?

A.—Wrtie to California Boxing Commission, San Francisco.

Q.—How is Armand Emanuel's name pronounced?

A.—Em-an-uel, accent on second syllable.

Q.—Who is the hardest heavyweight puncher since Sullivan?

A.—Fitzsimmons and Dempsey, Fitz being the more accurate hitter.

Robt. Farley, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Could Pepper Martin have beaten Tod Morgan?

A.—Morgan probably too clever for Martin.

Q.—What was his favorite punch?

A.—He stepped in and swung with both hands. Very aggressive.

Q.—I am 17 years old, 137 lbs., 5 ft. 7 ins. What will my measurements be at 21?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 9 in., 165 lbs.

Joseph Schmall, N .Y. C.

Q.—How long must a beginner in the pro ranks fight four or six rounders?

A.—In New York State until 21 years or age.

Q.—Does the manager pay all training expenses?

A.—Yes, but takes it out of the boxer's earnings.

Q.—What percentage does a manager receive?

A.—33 1-3 per cent. in New York State.

A RING Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 110 lbs., 5 ft. 3 in. How much will I weigh when fully developed? How tall will I be?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 8 in., and 135 lbs.

Johnny L. O., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Could Walker beat Shade?

A.—They met three times, twice in 1921. In the first bout Walker injured hand and stopped in 8th round. The second bout, decisionless, went 12 rounds, both claiming advantage. The third, 15 rounds, decision to Walker.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 5 ft. 8¾ in., 137 lbs. What class will I be in?

A.—If you can train to 135 without weakening yourself, you could box as lightweight. Get "Training for Boxers," from RING. Price $1.

A Reader, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—What are good measurements for each division?

A.—Flyweight, 5 ft. 1 in., 112 lbs.; bantam, 5 ft. 5 in., 118 lbs.; feather, 5 ft. 4 in., 126 lbs.; lightweight, 5 ft. 7 in., 135 lbs.; welter, 5 ft. 7½ in., 147 lbs.; middle, 5 ft. 9 in., 160 lbs.; light heavy, 5 ft. 10½ in., 175 lbs.; heavy, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.

Q.—I am 17 years old, 135 lbs., 5 ft. 9½ in. What will be my height and weight at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 11 in., 165 lbs.

Bill Beekman, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 16½ years old, 5 ft. 8 in., 130 lbs. How tall will I be at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 10¼ in.

Leon Hiar, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 140 lbs., 5 ft. 5 in. What class will I be in at full growth?

A.—Probably a middleweight.

A Fan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Could Harry Blitman beat Tony Canzoneri?

A.—Canzoneri would be favored to win.

Max Fields, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 13 years, 5 ft. 3 in., 99 lbs. What class will I be in? Am I too young to start training for amateurs?

A.—Flyweight. Do light work till older. Get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" from THE RING. Price $1.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—How can I get into the game?

A.—Ask Dick Dunn, manager Detroit Stadium.

Q.—I am 21 years old, 6 ft. 2¼ in., 169 lbs. Can I become a heavyweight?

A.—Yes, as you take on weight.

John Dobson, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—Did Sharkey ever fight Lomski?

A.—No.

Q.—Was Honey Mellody colored or white?

A.—White.

A Reader, McClellanville, S. C.

Q.—Has Young Stribling ever been knocked out?

A.—Not according to records.

Eric C. Duval, Ont., Canada

Q.—How many times did Dempsey fight Carpentier?

A.—Once. Jersey City, July 2, 1921.

Normand Arseneault, N. B., Canada

Q.—Could Sullivan have licked Dempsey?

A.—Both in their prime, close fight, with Dempsey winning because of advantage in speed and accurate hitting.

E. M. Smelsek, Topeka, Kansas

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 ft. 4 in., 130 lbs. What class will I be in at full growth?

A.—Probably welter.

Q.—Could Firpo lick Tunney?

A.—Tunney would have outpointed Firpo at the latter's best.

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—Did Gene Tunney join the Marines as a boxing instructor?

A.—No. As a private. Now a Lieutenant.

Herbert W. Durr, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 110 lbs., 5 ft. 8 in. What class am I in.

A.—Flyweight.

Q.—What were Willard's measurements when he fought Dempsey in 1919?

A.—240 lbs., age 32, 6 ft. 6 in., 83½ in. reach, 44½ in. chest expanded.

Q.—What are Godfrey's?

A.—Age 28, 235 lbs., 6 ft. 4½ in., reach 79½ in., chest expanded 46¾ in.

Sigmund Steinberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How is Harry Wallach rated? Joey Kaufman?

A.—Fairly good.

Q.—Where can I get autographed pictures of fighters?

A.—Write to each.

Gilbert Pape, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Why does the public take more interest in a heavy champ than a middleweight?

A.—Heavy hitting is the magnet.

V. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is a good Brooklyn boxing club where I can start?

A.—Half Moon Gym., Coney Island.

Joe Martinez, Brownsville, Texas

Q.—Were there any boxing matches at the time of Columbus?

A.—Not with bare knuckles or gloves. With cestus, a sort of brass knuckles affair. Very brutal.

Philip Nicosia, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Is it possible for a fellow of 18 to regain his lost wind by stopping smoking?

A.—Cut out tobacco and do light road work. Get "Training for Boxers," issued by RING. Price $1.

Q.—I am 18 years old 5 ft. 7 in., 134 lbs. What class am I in?

A.—Lightweight.

Harry Mayer, New Bedford, Mass.

Q.—Where can I buy a book on Dempsey's life?

A.—At THE RING. Get Nat Fleischer's well written 324 page book called "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana." Price $2.00.

Chas. Mette, Ashland, Ky.

Q.—What is a good boxing course to patronize?

A.—Jimmy De Forest, 347 Madison Ave., New York City.

Louis Stechel, N. Y. C.

Q.—Would hard luggage work harm a boy 16 years old?

A.—Unless unusually powerful, heavy lifting would be injurious.

Q.—Do you know of a "building up" diet?

A.—Get "Training for Boxers" from RING. Gives you all particulars. Price $1.